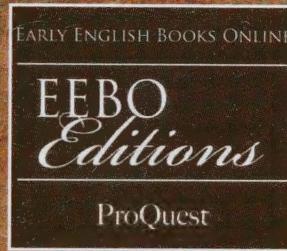


STEPHEN BATMAN

THE TRAUAYLED PYLGRIME BRINGING
NEWES FROM ALL PARTES OF THE
WORLDE, SUCH LIKE SCARCE HARDE OF
BEFORE. SEENE AND ALLOWED
ACCORDING TO THE ORDER APPOINTED.
(1569)



EARLY HISTORY OF TRAVEL & GEOGRAPHY



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The trauayled pylgrime bringing
newes from all partes of the worlde,
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The trauayled pylgrime bringing newes from all partes of the worlde, such like scarce harde of before. Seene and allowed according to the order appointed.

Chevalier délibéré.

La Marche, Olivier de, ca. 1426-1502.

Batman, Stephen, d. 1584.

A verse translation of: La Marche, Olivier de. *Le chevalier délibéré*.

Translator's dedication signed: S.B., i.e. Stephen Batman.

Printer's name and address from colophon.

Signatures: A-N4.

Running title reads: *The trauailed pylgrime*.

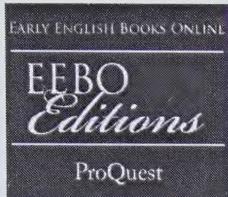
[104] p. :

[Imprinted at London : By Henrie Denham, dwelling in Pater-noster rowe, at the signe of the starre], Anno Domini. 1569.

STC (2nd ed.) / 1585

English

Reproduction of the original in the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery



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Early Fables & Fairy Tales

This series includes many translations, some illustrated, of some of the most well-known mythologies of today, including Aesop's Fables and English fairy tales, as well as many Greek, Latin and even Oriental parables and criticism and interpretation on the subject.

Early Documents of Language & Linguistics

The evolution of English and foreign languages is documented in these original texts studying and recording early philology from the study of a variety of languages including Greek, Latin and Chinese, as well as multilingual volumes, to current slang and obscure words. Translations from Latin, Hebrew and Aramaic, grammar treatises and even dictionaries and guides to translation make this collection rich in cultures from around the world.

Early History of the Law

With extensive collections of land tenure and business law "forms" in Great Britain, this is a comprehensive resource for all kinds of early English legal precedents from feudal to constitutional law, Jewish and Jesuit law, laws about public finance to food supply and forestry, and even "immoral conditions." An abundance of law dictionaries, philosophy and history and criticism completes this series.

Early History of Kings, Queens and Royalty

This collection includes debates on the divine right of kings, royal statutes and proclamations, and political ballads and songs as related to a number of English kings and queens, with notable concentrations on foreign rulers King Louis IX and King Louis XIV of France, and King Philip II of Spain. Writings on ancient rulers and royal tradition focus on Scottish and Roman kings, Cleopatra and the Biblical kings Nebuchadnezzar and Solomon.

Early History of Love, Marriage & Sex

Human relationships intrigued and baffled thinkers and writers well before the postmodern age of psychology and self-help. Now readers can access the insights and intricacies of Anglo-Saxon interactions in sex and love, marriage and politics, and the truth that lies somewhere in between action and thought.

Early History of Medicine, Health & Disease

This series includes fascinating studies on the human brain from as early as the 16th century, as well as early studies on the physiological effects of tobacco use. Anatomy texts, medical treatises and wound treatment are also discussed, revealing the exponential development of medical theory and practice over more than two hundred years.

Early History of Logic, Science and Math

The “hard sciences” developed exponentially during the 16th and 17th centuries, both relying upon centuries of tradition and adding to the foundation of modern application, as is evidenced by this extensive collection. This is a rich collection of practical mathematics as applied to business, carpentry and geography as well as explorations of mathematical instruments and arithmetic; logic and logicians such as Aristotle and Socrates; and a number of scientific disciplines from natural history to physics.

Early History of Military, War and Weaponry

Any professional or amateur student of war will thrill at the untold riches in this collection of war theory and practice in the early Western World. The Age of Discovery and Enlightenment was also a time of great political and religious unrest, revealed in accounts of conflicts such as the Wars of the Roses.

Early History of Food

This collection combines the commercial aspects of food handling, preservation and supply to the more specific aspects of canning and preserving, meat carving, brewing beer and even candy-making with fruits and flowers, with a large resource of cookery and recipe books. Not to be forgotten is a “the great eater of Kent,” a study in food habits.

Early History of Religion

From the beginning of recorded history we have looked to the heavens for inspiration and guidance. In these early religious documents, sermons, and pamphlets, we see the spiritual impact on the lives of both royalty and the commoner. We also get insights into a clergy that was growing ever more powerful as a political force. This is one of the world’s largest collections of religious works of this type, revealing much about our interpretation of the modern church and spirituality.

Early Social Customs

Social customs, human interaction and leisure are the driving force of any culture. These unique and quirky works give us a glimpse of interesting aspects of day-to-day life as it existed in an earlier time. With books on games, sports, traditions, festivals, and hobbies it is one of the most fascinating collections in the series.



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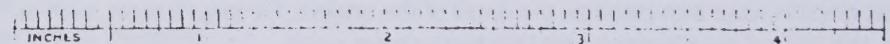
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1569

The trauayled Pyl-
grime, bringing newes
from all partes of the
worlde, such like scarce
harde of be-
fore.

*Scene and allowed according to
the order appointed.*

Anno Domini.
1569.

Eccle.10.

The glorie of the riche, of the honorable, and of the
poore, is the feare of God.



Proverbes.23.

The riche and poore are together, the Lorde is the
maker of them all.

TO THE RIGHT WOR-
shipfull Sir VVilliam Damsell knight,
receyuer generall of the Queenes Ma-
iesties Court of VVardes, and Lyue-
ries. S. B. wysheth most prosperous
health, and endlesse
felicite.



MONG DI-
uers benefits recey-
ued (Right wor-
shypfull) consid-
ering myth my selfe
in what order or
by what meanes I
moughth deuyse, to
show some part of recopence, though far, to
acquite that which I haue receiued, Iforth-
with called to mind these wordes, Non solum
gratis esse debet, qui accepit beneficium, verum etiam is
cui potestas accipiendi fuit, he ought not onely to
be thankefull, which hath receyued a bene-
fit, but also, he to whom, hath bene power of
A.ij. receyuing

Marcus
Tullius
Cicero.

The Epistle.

receyuing a benefite, so I confesse, who haue not onely receyued so many benefits at your worships handes, so often as I haue required: but also on your part haue augmented your friendly beneuolence, more then as yet I haue deserued. In consideration hereof, and thinking with my selfe by what means to gratafie some part of your deserued labours towardes me, I thought good to dedicate this my simple and vnlearned trauaile, who hauing nothing else on your worship to bestow, called the trauailed Pilgrim, wherin I haue painted foorth the fonde deuise of man, and the straunge Combats that he is daylie forced vnto, by meanes of this oure feeble nature: showing also howe euery degree shoulde, or at the least wayes ought, to frame themselues, and so aduisedly to watch that we be found vigilat watchmen, aspe-
ting the great & second coming of our lord Iesus

The Epistle.

*Iesus Christ, that at what hour the theefe
breake in vpon vs, wee be readie armed to
withstand the same, reporting also that the
sayde Pilgrime bringeth newes out of all
partes of the world, by which newes is signi-
fied the straunge inuention of man, which
at no time contynueth in one estate v. staye,
so long as the vitall breath remaineth with-
in this wretched corps of oures : Further-
more, to consider of this my foresayde enter-
prise, not that I write this to the intent to
correct or amend any fault or faults in other
men, but only by way of friendly exhortati-
on, exhorting euery faythfull Christian, to
haue such regarde to this their Pilgrimage
here on earth, that in the lyfe to come, they
may enjoy the happie gaine of endlesse feli-
citie. So right worshipfull the effect of this
my simple and vnlearned enterprise being
drawne, I mused with my selfe to whome I*

A.3.

best

The Epistle.

*best might bestowe the same, and knowing
none other more fit then your worship, con-
sidering the benefits as well present as past,
thought good to present the same, beseech-
ing your worshyp to except more my good
will, then otherwise the effect of this my sim-
ple trauaile, and in so doing I shall not think
my labor herein vneffектually bestowed:*

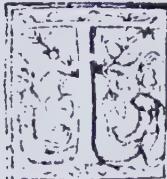
*thus I ende, beseeching the Al-
mighty God to preserue you
both now and euer.*

Amen.

Your humble Orator.

S. B.

To the Reader.

 Hough the matter (gentle Reader) contained in this my simple treatise, be not altogether fruitlesse, but that manye things therein might verye vwell be amended, yet notwithstanding so farre I presume of thy indifferent iudgement, that thou wvilt not be according to the common sort of curious quarellers, a captious or a malipert correctour of the labours or diligent studie of anye to hinder, although in some poyntes thou bee able to correct: but fauourably consider the good vwill of the wryter, and then if anye thing chaunce contrarie to thy mind, shew foorth thy friendly commendations, with such ordred corrections, as may not onely encourage the Author, but also get to thy selfe in lyke effect lyke commendation or praise. It is hard for one to please many: therfore in fewe wordes I haue thought good, to knit togither this my simple vworke, called the trauayled Pilgrime, wherein is set foorth the state of man, and the innumerable assaultes, that he is daylie and hourely enuironed withall, not onely with outward or bodily enimies, as losse of goodes, or lyfe, of wyfe, children, or familiar friends, which eftsones happens,

To the Reader.

pens, as the losse of goodes by theft, or fyre, the death of thy friende or familye, by flauder and murther, these and suche lyke distuibances, still eyther in the one or other, man is alwayes subiect vnto, yet better to be auoyded, then the inward cogitations or thoughts, whiche daylie by Sathan, man is vexed and moued, for the one may by pacience, in suffering vvrongful dealing, oftentimes escape the doings, whiche otherwise myght else happen to his or there great Payne and grieuance: the other must not onely be ouercome with pacience in suffering, but also fayth and good workes must proeede, vvhich be twayne chiefe causes, that God by his sonne Iesus Christe beyng oure Mediator, doth continuallye heare, not the outward prayers only, but also our inward thoughts so long as true hope vvyth these three doth remayne, that is to say, pacience in suffring, fayth in beleevung, that God in Christ Iesus, is able, & vwill forgiue the sinnes & offences of all true obedient harts: good vworks, doth and shall receyue hir reward, vvhich is euerlasting life. And hope then is brought from calamities vvhich she long desired, vnto iocundity & triumphant glory. Thus much gentle

To the Reader.

gentle Reader. I haue thought good to vwrite concerning the state of man, but vwhatsoeuer I haue left vnvritten in this my base and simple Epistle, although not altogether it chaunce to please some frovvarde braynes, yet as much as I haue thought conuenient, so much haue I vwritten, not that I knovve in my selfe, but that by the vwise and learned, many things may be amended: impute therefore the lacke of any thing which may chaunce to discontent Tyme, not to ignorance, but only the full minde and effect hereof to the vwriter, vwho thinkes this done suffi-
cient.

*Read, but deride not, at merie things laugh not,
After mirth cometh sorrow, for Momus I care not*

Farevvell in the Lorde.

S. B. M.

B.j.

g The

The trauailed Pilgrime

The childe signifieth good Infancie: the rod, Correction:
the auncient or aged man, Reason: the booke, Truth:
the armed Knyght, youthfull Courage: the
Speare, good Gouvernment: the shielde,
Hope: the sword, Courage:
Standing in the field
called Time.



Here the Author beginnes his royme, being ready armed, bidding
Infancie farewell, and now growing by Reason to fur-
ther possiblitie and strength.

The trauayled Pilgrime.

He myghtye Loue celestiall, when first he take in hand,
That Chaos huge, he made to fall, and formed so a land,
Wherin he set and created, all things as now we see,
First beasts, then man, which he prepard their gouernour to be,
And named him in Eden grounde, Adam, that name he gaue,
Where nothing then could him confound, till he a mate did craue,
She, Eva, hight, a woman kinde, when he awakte her labe,
As Innocents no sinne did minde, till Sathan wrought their alue.
That Woman first she did consent, the Apple for to proue,
Wherby the serpent did inuent, all ioyes from them to moue,
For their offence they were exilde out of that pleasaunt place,
And earth accursed sooth did yelde, the crabbed thorne a space,
The earth then sayne were they to till, still laboring the ground,
Thus sathanis drifts the thought to spill, he gaue that deadly wound:
Although that Adam did offend, yet God so shewde his grace,
A newe Adam he after sent, which did all sinne deface.
Such minde hath God alwayes to those, that ioyes his lawes to loue,
And such as are his mortall foes, with plagues he doth them proue:
As Pharao that cruel king, which did so sore oppresse
The Israclites aboue all thing, and would not them release.
It were to long all to recite, I minde them to forgoe,
The swallow swifte once taken flight, then auerst streight doth bloe,
With nipping shoures and frostes so colde, few may it long endure,
But that once past then doth unsold the swete and pleasant shoure,
Wherby all things do spring and grow, with orient smell most swete,
Till Hyems force himselfe doth shew, then Pisces ioyes in daunce.
So I as one bereft of ioy, in order mindes to frame,
The gliding pace, the state so coy, yet loth were (one) to blame.
The state of one to nominate, yet all I wish to luke,
Conceype in minde, doe nothing hate, till read ye haue this booke:
He that dispayseth ere he know, may well be thought a foole,
The Hart the Hind doth time foreshow, yet void frō reasons schole.
Of Dolor and Debilitie, these two I chiefly name,
The first is hard to understand, the other maketh tame,
In bringing youthfull yeares to ende, now know you what he is,
Be mindefull therefore what you read, if not, you may sone misse.

The trauailed Pilgrime

The fielde Tyme: he with wings, Thought: the other, the
Author: trauailing in the sayde
fielde.



In tyme Thought moueth the Author.

The trauailed Pilgrime.

I H yems force, both tre and herbe doth vade as rest of life,

On sodayne then to me appeard, the state of worldly strife:
As I thus going all alone (one) did to me appear,

Awake, quoth he, from penlune mone, of me haue thou no feare.
Woth he and I togheter went, as friendes a certayne space,

Till at the last I did repente, my former time and case,
Then stapt I forth full sodainly, as one bereft of glorie,

And to my minde I did apply to note therof some storie.
As after wardes there shall be saine, with such aduised he de.

The state of life I will beginne, thus haue I full decreede.
Consider first both life and welth, be mindefull still therocoef,

For that will bring most perfite health, so shall at thre none scotte.
If that forgetfullnesse endure, no hope there is of game,

Wherestate decreaseth be thou sure, bereft from ioy to paine,
The time once past, needes must consume the pleasant orient sinell

Of tre and herbe that growes on ground, as profe full well can tell.
Likewise all trees that fruite doth beare, in light they shew a shade,

And time once past straight wil appeare, þ al things needes must vade,
So likewise those that vainly spende, their liues they care not how,

The wrath of God on such attendes, and age of force must baw.
The tre that once cleane withered is, can be by no meanes greene,

No more can Age be yong ywisse, it never hath bene saine,
Concyeue therefore full well in minde, and youthfull time so spende,

That when Death comes thou be not blinde, to late then to amende,
Needfull it is also to knowe, and how thy selfe mayst stay,

That Dolor and Debilitie, they guide a cruell way,
None may escape them by no wayes, these knights so valiant are,

Pea Antropos with force them stayes, and shaply doth them snare.
Most horrible and daungerous, the passage is to lie,

With combats great most marueilous, not one alway may flee,
Till that he be bereft of life, they are so fiercely prest,

They never cease, but still at strife, at no time take they rest.
And Dolorousnesse by his great force, on Thought doth still attend,

Debilitie thorow feblenesse, to death he all doth send,
Whiche death appears invisible, with gliding dart most sharpe,

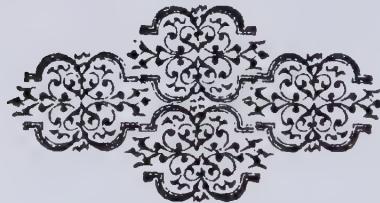
The dent therocoef the life doth quell, the soule from body part.

B.ii.

They

The traunailed Pilgrime

They never cease in working still, which way they best may finde,
Both Prince and King they come vntill, thereto they are assigne.
See now therefore ye vnderstand, the Herault will appare,
That Volor he, will thee withstand, of him be not in feare.
Sith thou thy selfe hast giuen the charge, I will thee ne regardre,
In spending youth be not to large, thine enmy is preparede,
Whoso minde still the to minade, with his great force and strength,
Arme the therfore as I haue sayd, some easse to finde at length.
Thinkest thou thy selfe to be more stout, than euer Sampsons grace,
Or Hercules which went about, that Pluto to deface:
Art thou bereft from wisdomes schole, what Salomon to exceede,
Oh caytife base and simple feare, restraine I say with spedde.
Diomedes with Marshall skill, doth farre exceede the state,
What got Ablalon by his will, could he from death escape:
Not one of all the worthies nine, coulde Volor once withstande,
Prouide therfore all things by Tyme, still take him by the hande.
Sith that the howre draweth neare, be ready at the sounde
Of trumpet shill, with blast most clere, thine enmies to confounde:
The lostie sounde of trumpet blowne, oft warmeth to prepare,
With speare & shild now all is knowne, of these my words beware.



Wthen

The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ The armed Knight signifieth true Obedience in all estates,
his armour, Strength: the shielde, Hope: the sworde,
Courage: the speare, Aduenture: deliuered to
the Author, by Thought being present
in the fielde called
Time.



*The Author putting all feare aside, armeth himselfe, and so rideth
forth on his horse called Will.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

When Time had said to me his mind, I pondred then in thought
 To warke & doe as he assynd, forthwith I armour cougth,
 As one then forke I put it on, by hornd Cinthias light,
 And armour dight of Phoebus shone, so sooth I tooke my flight,
 The Horse wheron I late was, Will, whose force few youth may stay,
 My sworde was, Courage, prest to kill, so rode I on my way.
 My armour was both tough and strong, of strength it was new made,
 My shielde also was, Hope, among nine enimes to invade.
 My spare was wrought and fabricate, with glittering gold most bright,
 Thereby that I asswage mought Hate, and put my foes to flight,
 Thus rede I on couragious, some p:owesse so: to winne,
 In passing for:th most venterous, I practise did beginne.
 Two dayes I rode but nothing saw, among the hugie rockes,
 Not one aduenture worth a straw, so voyde I Momus mockes,
 Whereby I might recite at large, to please the Readers minde,
 I let that passe and put in charge, that Thought to me assynd:
 It is not a refulle here to tell, my dolefull woe and paine,
 A thousand grieses aye set to quell, and Time did me disdaine,
 But when I had escapt the wayes, being past the mountaines great,
 A godly grene there did appeare, whch woldly pleasure hight.
 So much the place delighted me, my selfe I cleane forgat,
 Till that I did Aduenture see, in midst of pleasures plat,
 A knyght appeared there in sight, of corps both huge and great,
 Upon a steede all, Ire, he hight as blacke as any Jeat.
 And towards me he came a mayne, with countenance fierce and grim,
 Regard, quoth he, in time, refraine, of me thou haught mayst win,
 See thou with sped thy selfe prepare, so: I will haue no nay,
 My might to prouie, if that thou dare, else here I will thee stafe.
 Forthwith I graunted his request, but first his name to tell,
 And then to proue if he thought best, so wold I with him melle,
 With irefull speach and loflic boyce, he aunswerde me in haste,
 Disagreement, who first hath choyse, all sicke to stroy and wasse,
 I Disagreement all wold deflowre, from quiet peace and rest,
 Through Cluttonie encrease my powre, all other I detest,
 Not one if once I take in hande, from me may scarce escape,
 I rent and plucke as small as sand, nay few to me dare prate,

§18

The trauailed Pilgrime

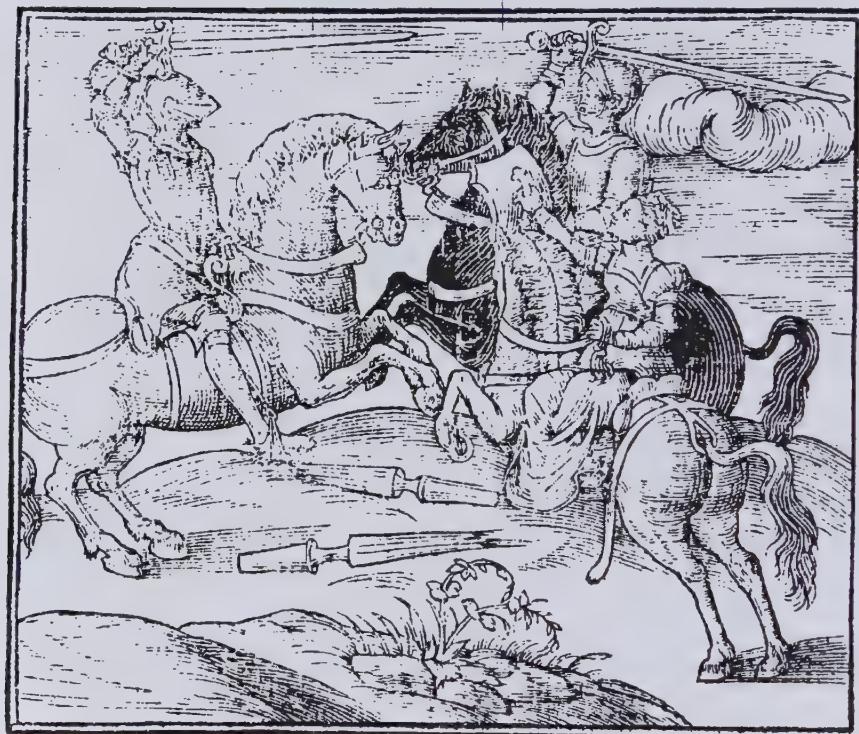
With thou art not Debilitie, nor Dolor which is fell,
Thy force I hope to mollifie, I now thee know full well :
Debilitie and Dolor eke, for these two doe I seeke,
Who keepeſ the wiſd of Antropos, and cause all flesh to grieve:
Debilitie to mort is knowne, by sicknesſe or by age,
Because the ſtate in man conuences, to death his corps doth gage,
But Dolor now is verie ſtroung, which may or may not bee
Without corruption of that, wherin one may it ſee.
Debilitie therfore to him, I haue ſo ioynde in kinde,
That Dolor he may well be calde, a ſcar to friendly minde,
And why? because all flesh is loth with godwill hence to part,
Therefore I haue thought god as now, to ioyne them as one hart.
Being both togither, are as one, ſtill ſtriving man to win,
When yonthful yeres are gone and paſt, then age nedes muſt begin,
With hollow eyen and viſage grim, and countenance wan and pale,
Thus loue aboue all times assignes, this newes account not stale.
From thole two, minde I to eſcape, if that by power I maye,
Thou mayſt be ſure thou commeft to late, to vanquish or to ſtraye,
With that he ſpake with eger mode, as one diſtrauht of wit,
Though none of thole, yet ſure their friende, togither are we kniſt.
Thy ſelſe defende, if that thou can, I minde thy force to proue,
Take no delay, doe ſurely ſtande, from me thou ſhalt not moue :
Our ſpeares on reſt, we both falſet, eke other ſo diſiante,
That both to grounde we fell therwith, and after fought on ſteſte,
His ſpeare was ſhod with little Wit, wherewith he downe me caſt,
That counterbuffe I ſeale as yet, and ſhall while liſe doth laſt.
Our ſpeares at once cleane broken were, with ſwords eke other ſtrake,
So ferre was I, none could me ſcarre, till Time my ſtate diſhake :
With the licour of ſolliſhnesſe (therewith) were both ſwords wrought,
With vaine deſire and wilfulnesſe, eke other ſtrake aloft :
The ſtrokes were verie ſtroung to heare, that eke to other ſent,
And ſtraight to me there diſapeare, the ydle liſe ſo spent.
Thus ſtill togither diſ we fight, as foiles to ſtrive with Time,
Till at the laſt appaered night, yet Cinthia gaue her ſhine,
Wherby we both might well perceiue, all godnesſe crept away,
By Diligeſce then was I faine, to craue as guide and stay.

C.j.

Still

The trauailed Pilgrime

¶The Author fighteth with Disagreement, the speare that
Disagreement hath broken, is called Littlewit, the Au-
thors speare is Aduenture, both swoordes in thys
place signifie foolishnesse, wherewith eche
striketh other, till pleasant Ladie Me-
morie defendeth the Author from
Disagreement, in the field
called Time.



*Here Disagreement speaketh to the Author, and so both
beginnes the combat.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

Still Disagreement me assayle, whose force so still encreast,
His restlesse strokes so did me quale, that fain I would haue ceast:
I sawe no way how to escape, from him I might not start,
Nor knew not how to finde a mate, to ayde me from my smart.
And being thus in pensiue care, still looking for my ende,
Deuoyde from ioy as one thredbare, nought hauing to defende:
That lustie Ladie YOUTH forth came, on whom I did depende,
His strokes she counted but as game, whereby we made an ende.
Hir seruent loue did so me ayde, hir strength so did me staye,
Of nought by hir I was astrayde, so rode I on my waye.
As I thus prest was forth to ride, againe she did me call,
And willed me with TIME to bide, to see what would befall.
To Disagreement thus the sayde, doe graunt to my request,
And let him passe, not once denayde, for so I thinke it best,
To see more of the worldly state, some p;owesse for to winne,
Refraine therefore no time abate, sith YOUTH doth now beginne.
He aunswarde me most curiously, sith that I must of force,
A sure foundation set thou be, to AGE haue god remorse,
This CAPPE here take, a thing of price, most inextest is and god.
To draine away all fonde deuice, a salue to nourish blood.
It shall be like a springing WELL which nourisheth the grounde,
Cuen so all griefe it will expell, and fonde deuice confounde.
When that I had this CAPPE receiude, I was so glad of cheere,
Away with hast,full well appeasde, I thought none then my pere.
The fatall chaunce and destenie of HERCLES his loue,
Availed not to molisfe, although he long did p;oue,
A thousande moe I couldē recite, yea, thousand thousandes sure,
Which are so fonde in their delight, deuoyde from easē or cure.
Where tickle fantaste moues the minde, of fond desirde fooles,
Their youthfull race stonē wareth blinde, & falles betwix two stoles:
For he that on two stoles will sit, may chaunce misse on them both,
Where one will serue it is vnfit, such fooles who will not loth.
Who euer in one age more saue, of vaine superbitie:
Regarde of lawes who standes in awe, as all full well may see,
So many as will benterers be, your armour sic be fast,
Of Faith, Hope, Loue, and Charitie, then life be sure to last.

C.ij.

Thus

By the
Cap that
Disagree-
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to deduc-
to the
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sayde, is sig-
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The traualied Pilgrime

Thus by the way I doe the warne, regarde my words full well,
Then be thou sure to vayde the harme, of paines infernall hell:
By order scene, shall every state, in what case here they toyle,
And how thou mayst thy selfe abate, from Sathanas vrists and soyle.
Thus strived I so long with Time, till YOUTH was almost gone,
And Thought to me so did encline, that wo began my song:
In lustring combats manisfolde, still hoping Time to rule,
Till Time in Courage warded bolde, then gan I streight to pule,
As one forsakte, departed I, not knowing where to rest,
In dolefull wo I gan to crie, Thought did mee so molest,
Then rode I forth some way to finde, and night approched neare,
And Vesper bright began to shine, whereby I saw full clere
A house or place, most faire to see, which did my hart reioyce,
The way thereto likened myght be, to subtil Nimprias voyce,
A Laberinth I thought it sure, o; some infernall place,
The more I sought, Age did procure, all YOUTH from me to chace:
Yet at the length though much adoe, the way at last I founde,
Approching neare, I streight did bow, to heare some voice or sounde,
And thus still musing in great griefe, I streight espying one,
To whome I called for reliese, which heard my griefe and more.



The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ Here the Author by long trauaile meeteth with Vnderstanding, and requireth lodging: Obedience or true Diligence, guideth his horse called Will, in the felde called Time.



Here the Author meeteth with Vnderstanding.

C. III.

The trauailed Pilgrime

I f thou saluation hopest to haue, then graunt me my request,
And licence me sith now I craue, and doe me not detest:
For that thou vnderstanding hight, of Gods eternall grace,
So much the more I doe delight, to see thy splendent face,
Wherby that I may grace attaine, my foes for to subdue,
Wherby to boyde ech endlisse paines, which else may me ensue,
Wherfore to lodge with the all night, is sure my whole desire,
That I by the may haue some light, nought else I doe require.
His aunswere was both meke and kinde, and thus to me he sayde,
Welcome thou art with hart and munde, be sure I will the ayde:
Scarce one, there doth to me resort, for (almost) all is gone,
And fewe or none comes to my port, thus liue I all alone.
My sonne I will the entertaine, the best wise that I can,
Twise welcome say I once againe, now give to me thy han:
Then forth he led me to a place, which seemed verie straunge,
Wherin I saw Joy and Solace, in every corner raunge.
The noyle of pleasant harmonic, so much rejoyst my hart,
That I forgat my sorowes past, with all my griefe and smart.
Forthwith he staight vnaimed me, and did on me a goun.
Whiche hight all seruent modeſt, mine enimies to resoun.
I never was before so loyde, nor saw so worthy an host,
In no place where I erſt had bene, in Cittie, towne nor Cōſt,
All things which needed there I had, my coſpes for to suffice,
And Infancie that pretie ladde brought water for mine eies.
Wherby I might perceyne and ſe the clare light from the darke,
Twice happiest truly (thought) to be, ſrom me as then depart:
Yet not ſo cleane gone but by ſtealthe, he touchte me now and than,
Whith ſundrie cares of worldly welthe, oft had me by the han.
The thought of worldy welthe noȝ gaine, might not me once moleſt,
So long as Reason rulde the vaine, which ſtoward will detest,
Thus he and I togithers went, into a ſecret place,
Where I to him gaue full conſent, ſinnes motion clere to chace,
Through ſinglenesse of life to be, in perfite loue and peace,
Alwayes continuing to the ende, my ſelſe for to releace,
From all woe and calamitie, which in all fleſh doth raine,
In the ſupernall th:one to be, from all woe, grieſe and paine:

Weldoing

The trauailed Pilgrime

Well doing goes farre out of way, where faith is not in place,
And faith alone is boyde of staye, yet both obtaineth grace,
Who well doth live, all vertues hath, then needes hee not to feare,
With orient smell, and pleasant bath where mercy doth bpreare.
From worldly pleasure and delight, of God to be in awe,
Though sathan seeketh wth al spite, from him he may none draw,
Not one of them which Christ doth choose, shall perish and decaye,
Not one he will at all refuse, that flies their former waye,
And calleth unto him for grace with constant minde and zeale,
For such he doth prouide a place, his mercy thus doth deale,
To every man so equally he doth bestow his loue,
Therefore his lawes doe magnifie, who sittes in thronе aboue.
Thus when he had sayd all his minde, he tooke me by the hande,
And brought me to a place where he, bid marke and vnderstande:
Such cheare, quoth he, I haue prouide, as shall you well suffice,
The Bread of life, the Cup of health, see you it not despise.
The lively worde of God I meane, which saues all men by grace,
The Cup of health and fervent zeale, all errors soþt doth chase.
Content your selfe with this a while, thereof take first your taste,
Ere long you shall drinke of the wine that shall not fret nor waste.

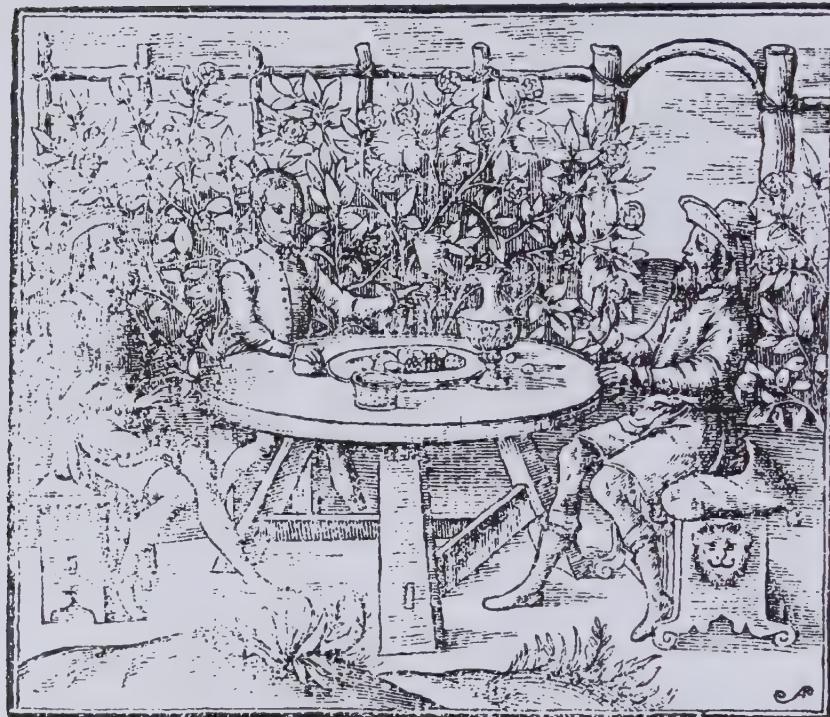


C.117.

When

The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ Vnderstanding maketh his banquet, and comforteth the
Author: true Diligence furnisheth the table
in the place of Reason.



Here the Author being moued with great desire, requireth of Vnderstanding what his name is: which, being as yet
to him unknowne.

The trauailed Pilgrime

W
hen that to me he all had said, togithers we did walke,
Till at the last I mused how, I might devise in talk
To know his name and whence he was, my whole desire was set,
I coulde no longer it forbeare, nor nought my thought could let.
And how he in that place first came, to know was my desire,
At length I spake as came in minde, his name I did require:
Full lowingly he answerde me, saying he would recite,
And how that he first thither came, by whose strength powre & might.
Sith that to me your name is knowne, I also mine shall shew,
With hart and minde I will reueale, and also let you know.
Vnderstanding, the verie same, which earst you said you sought,
Most knowne am I in euerie place, and yet of fewest cougth.
Because the way of ioylesse life is byzode and verie plaine,
I haue made here my dwelling place, all scorneres to refraine.
The bread whereon I daily feede, is sobrietie and peace:
The wine which I also receive, is Loue, which hate doth tease,
Thus liue I here without disease, nothing doth me annoye,
By grace diuine I sustaine those, that to my words employe:
Yet sinne to me is very sharpe, which daily I pursue,
Wherby I may the sooner get, to loue that Judge most true,
Which sittes aloft in splendent throne, of chrystall light most cleare,
In gloriouſ ioyes magnificent, among his Saints most deare.
To him therfore I gne the prayse, Iehouah, thou art ha,
On whome in hart I doe delight, thy splendent face to ſee.
With ſuch delight thy ſelſe prepare, ſith I thy ſtate doe knowe,
From me thou nothing mayeft hide, as after I will ſhewe.
And ſith thou art but yong in yeaſes, not yet come to full ſtrength,
Let Reason therfore be thy guilde, he will thicke eaſe at length.
Remember well what I haue ſaid, and do it not forget,
Though horrore ſell doe thee molck, at no time ſee thou ſret.
As valiant knyghts, ſeke to defende, the Citi, Cownc or Nation,
So fight thou ſtill with all thy powre, againſt all variation.
Deall false and vſurped pouers, from ſuch ſee thou decline,
As ſouldiers fierce that feares no ſhowres, but tarie for the time,
Not fearing threats of worldy powre, but him which can deſtrye
Both body, ſoule, yea, all on earth, or turne thou can thine eye.

D. J.

Put.

Reason
speaketh
to þ Tu-
thor.

The traunaled Pilgrime

Put on thine armour now with spede, sith so:ward thou must goe,
And strength the with the shielde of faith, against thy mortall foe,
Debilitie is alwayes prest, awaiting till thou come,
To carie thee as his captive, from him thou mayst not run:
Debilitie and Dolor both so sore will the assayle, (quasie:
That from their hands thou mayst not scape, they nunde thee sure to
So rule thy selfe in tyme therfore, the lawes of God regarde,
The lesse thou needest then to feare, although they be prearde.
Being now I haue declarde to thee, a tyme thou mayst auoyde,
Both Dolor and Debilitie which earst thee still annoyde.
If once on thea they doe take holde, away thou mayst not fie,
Nor to retire, it is but vaine, although for helpe thou erie.
But in the enterprise thou goest about, thou shalt attaine,
To get such praise as few hath done, if me thou not disdaigne,
Dolor hee that Champion stout, cuen hee seeketh thee to let:
If thou himi wynne, for lande thereof, great fame I will thee get.
And for as much as (god intent) hereby thou mindest to p^roue,
Take thou this speare of R^egiment, thy foes therby to moue,
In length of tyme thou must decrease, thou mayst not kepe one day,
Yet force thou not this state of thine, therat doe not dismay.
Thou shalt be able to endure, if thou my words obey,
Cease not therfore, but put in v^ee, let nothing now thee fray,
That now when Dolor doth approach, then strike him if thou can,
So for a tyme thou mayst escape, my words now rightly scan:
Yet one thing more doe well regarde, before thou take in hande,
Land^e God alway, who hath thee made, doe not his word withstand:
Sic that in chamber secretly, thou alwayes give him prayse,
Then will he thee defende and kepe, at all tyme and assayles,
Let hart and thought agree in one, sith he of naught thee made,
And thanke him for his benefits, from them at no tyme vade,
And yet on our behalfe nothing deserved is, whereby
That ought at all we sure shold haue, or ioye in thron^e on hie.
When supper was thus finished, and thanks giuen for our meate,
Streight way we rose to walke a while, more matter to intreate:
Thus when we had the Euening spent, great grieve it was to me,
For to forgo the sight of him, which earst before did see.

Unto

The trauailed Pilgrime

Unto a chamber faire and swete, he brought me to a bed,

All rest it hight, whercon was layde a pillow for mine head:

I never was before so layde, Rest there so did me staye,

That I forsgat betime to rise, till Sol foreshewde the daye.

No sooner I awaked was, out of my slumb'ring sleepe, (swete,

The noise of Birdes made me to muse, whose notes and tunes were
To see what sluggish sleepe could doe, when man desireth rest:

Euen like an Asse bereft from wit, compared to a beast.

Ful sone I start then fro my bed, as one which lost had Time,

Still searching how I might devise to flie my former crime:

With that I met Obedience, which brought me to a place,

Wher I did sic the Vertues all, a wondrous pleasant case.

Whose pulchritude did farre excell Procerpines looke or grace,

So splendent were their ornaments, that none might them deface.

Justice iustly there did iudge, both matters right and wrong,

Fortitude and strength, also with Loue, sang there hit song.

Whose notes surpassed the Nightingale, she did me so enflame,

That I desired still to heare the swete and pleasant Dame.

She hight the loue of Gods word pure, his name she still did prayse,

Both night and day at no time ceasit, still lauding all true wavys.

There Temperance late, and Faith also, with Charicie and Hope,

Ech one with other there did sit, and Concorde set the note:

The harmonie which I there heard, would make a hart of stone

Relent, and turne from his sinne past, and cause him sore to moane

To see the happie lfe and state that they alwayes were in,

And then to vewe all mortall flesh so burdened with sin:

There ioyes did not so much me glad, as sorowes did forth slide,

When that I calde to minde, that I might not there still abide.

Sinceritie and godly Zeale to Gods precepts diuine,

With Innocencie, Grace and Light, as one, so did encline,

Sinceritie is harde to finde, and Zeale from most is fled,

Mercie and Compassion now, is thought to be neare dead.

And all true promises are broke, of few, or none is kept:

God wavys are scarce regarded now, superbitie doth let,

Most mischiefe now beares all the way, the more we may lament,

If that in time none doe forsee, be sure then to be shent.

Here the
Authoz is
brought by
Bealon to
his bed
called rest.

D.y.

In

The trauailed Pilgrime

In stede of concorde now doth raigne all wrath and cruell hate,

Among most men cuerte where, with peace are at debate:

When that I heard Dbedience declare the state of Time,

I loth was then to take in hande, lefft I shold fall in crime.

So many foes about me were, that it was straunge to see,

In every corner where I walke, I saw no place was fræ.

With yll will from that heauenly noyse, which I before had harde,

Departed I while time did last, and thought me wholy snarde.

As I thus musing with my selfe, my former friende inc me,

In quiet chamber where I lay, by me himselfe did set,

And how I likte my place that night, whether ought did me molest,

I gaue him thars and tolde him then, to me it was the best.

That wo:thie Champion Strabo hee, fel no such case by sight,

No: yet the puissant Iason eke, for all his force and might :

The one in sight surpassed all, the other for his loue,

Aduenture did both like and lim, as stroies well can proue.

Thus thanking him for my repast, which he to me had shewed,

With amiable countenance, he thought it well bestowed.

Saying to me with cheerefull boyce, you may not hence depart,

Til you haue scene things straunge & old, which wil rewne your hart.

Such treasure straunge haue I to shew, of which if once you see,

For to depart from sight therof, unwilling will you bee,

And yet no Coyne, Siluer nor Golde, no Gem nor Duct so cleere,

Maye once compare their state to that, you never saw his peer,

With that he opened wide a doore, which seemed very straunge,

Both dark & dim, where mourning stood, & grudge about did raunge:

The locke wherof, was made of Glasse, the key all Knowledge hight,

The sight therof did me amase, till I espied light.

The roome was large and verie fine, replete with colours faire,

With characts straunge & pictures wrought, that shined like the aire,

The sight therof so did me quale, wherwith I started backe,

But Understanding did me stay, quoth he, what dolse thou lacke?

Dismay the not in any wise, giue eare I will the shewe,

From tristfull cares thy selfe applic, let Reason with the grove,

The sooner mayst thou Knowledge get, and purpose eke attaine,

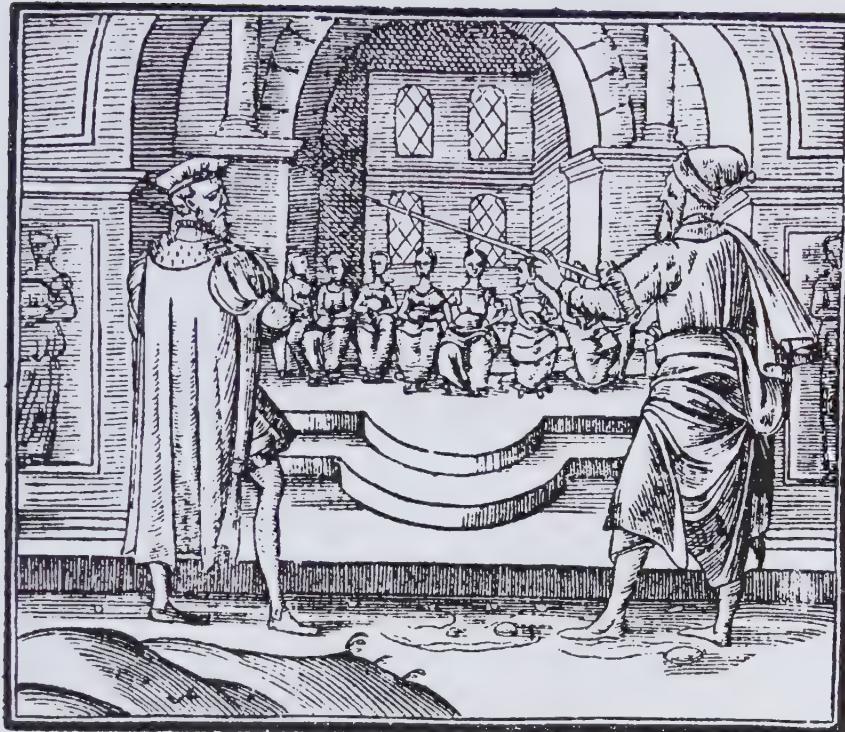
To follow me I thinke it best, therby the more to gaine.

Wb

Polichzo.
lib. 2. cap. 1.
sayth, that
Strabo
saw the
ships of
Pomie
when they
were. 135.
smile from
him.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Here Understanding sheweth the Author a number of Vertues in the house called Reason, to withdrawe him from vaine delites, declaring the daungers that doth ensue: that done, the Author trauaileth further.



After the Author had scene every vertue, and considered the worthinesse of them, imagineth how he may keepe in the house of Reason, not minding to trauaile any further, till Vnderstanding moueth him to proceede in his iorney.

The trauailed Pilgrime

¶) Venus faire, and Vesper bright, which shewes the day to come,
And gladneth all such as delight to see that pleasant sonne :
That Phoebus faire, that Titan eke, nay Sol that pleasant light,
Whiche doth surpassee all lights on earth, who may such stile recite.
The splendent hue and pulchritude of faire Helena shē,
May not compare to Sol in sight, that may in no wise gree :
Because the one was thral to death, the other free from paine,
Therefore shall Sol still haue the praise, and Helen I disdaine.
A thousand Helenes now doth reigne in pulchritude and shape,
Yet verie fewe that mindes to leaue, that, sime for to escape.
The more may all true harts lament, to see so little care,
Of people nowe in these our dayes, that will no time beware.
Crampes therfore will I shew, to ech state and degree,
Of straunge things past, which earst hath bene to al that will you see,
And how the state of things hath bene among the wilfull sort,
And pleasure eke of vertuous men, I also will report.
When wrathfull Irie first toke in hande, that wilfull Cain to mone,
Then cruell Enuie wrought in bress, not Abel more to loue,
And why? because his sacrifice did stille descendre to grounde,
Therefore that wilfull caytife haue, sought Abel to confounde:
And when he had his brother slaine, then gan he streight to fli,
Euen like an abiect boyde of grace, as though none did him spie :
Then streight way that celestiall loue to wicked Cain did call,
To know where Abel was become, and who began the bazzall.
For that thou hast thy brother slaine, an abiect shalt thou bee,
And all thy life long still in doubt of every plant and tree.
Debilitie shall thee possesse, thou shalt not once escape,
Sith thou hast slaine thy brother deare, I therfore will thee hate.
This Cain was he that first found out, which way the lande to till,
And was the first which did inuent, by murther man to kill.
Therefore as vacant lies his race, yet he much issue had,
And when he was fled from the Lord, in Nod, he there him clad.
The rest I minde not to recite, now for warde will I goe,
To shewe in order many things, and eke that mortall foe,
My landros he, that cruell fiende, which seekes all flesh to spill,
If he once may the maistric get, then b̄edes he nought but yll.

¶) God

The trauniled Pilgrime

God graunt therefore all Christian harts, his lawes to haue in minde,
And that we may with hart and will, detest all horrozs blinde :
To practise therfore in the life, all vertuous facts to vse,
No other way is there to finde, therfore the light doe chuse.
Reinember well the valiant diedes, that Sampson did, when he
The Lion fierce first slew with myght, as plainly we may see:
When that he vnto Thamnates went, not farre out of the way,
The Lion fierce did him assaile, bereft he was from pray.
And also when that he in mirth, a Riddle did declare,
Amidst the banquet where they late, with all their gorgeous fare,
Not one of thirtie could assoyle, nor once tell what it ment,
Till they by asly drifts had wonne, of hit which did repent.
He twise by women was deceyude, for all his force and strenght,
And by his foes so handled was, he lost his eyes at length.
But when his locks were growne againe, throe thousand sure he slew,
And brake the piller that chiese stoy, of those which did him vew,
And thus through indignation, to boyde the former wronng,
The Philistines he so did annoye, that dolefull was their song.
By Dolor so they awayes sought, by yre they still did slie,
And he to ende his restlesse dayes, amidst his foes did die:
That sonde sole Dianira she, in hoping loue to finde,
A shirt euuenomnde she did sende, not witting to hit minde,
In hope to haue got Hercules with hit againe to hit,
And he therwith was poysoned, himselfe he could not free,
And to be brent in such a flame, by Dolor euer was,
That Nessus fell, hit did deceyue, to late she criue alas :
As one bereft from worldly ioye, when that he fel the smart,
In firie flame he did consume, both body bones and hart.
The myghtie Cesar in likewise, to death full sone was brought,
By such as he nothing suspect, full sone his death they sought:
With bockins sharpe they did him pierce, till all his bloud was spent,
In stede of pitie irefull yre, this nurther did inuenct.
Thus flickring Faine doth vost abzote, in every lande and coste,
The cruell facts of froward mindes, among both least and mosse,
This Tragedie is not vñknowene, nor may not slide from minde,
Restraine therfore all irefull hate, shew not thy selfe vñkinde.

The trauailed Pilgrime

*Cassander
was sonne
to Antipa-
ter which
poysned
the king
Alexander
in Babyl-
lon.*

The woxthie Alexander king, that conquerour so great,
Was poysned by Cassandrus as he late at his meat,
Whiche poysned was so venimous, that nothing might it holde,
Except the hōse of some hōse fote, wherin they did it folde.

*Antipater
first tooke in hand, by Dolor he most fell,*

Who sickes in euery land and cost, all stātes to baunt and quell,
Lament ye Gods in Chyſtall thronē, let fall your brenish teares,
With parched face and bloubred eyne, at wrath doe stop your eares.

*Wherē is become that Troian stout, the woxthie Hector he,
Bereft full sone by fatall chaunce in storēs we may see.*

That woxthie Greke Achilles he, at Troian siege was slaine,

Two woxthy Champions of renowme, to, death is now their gaine.
Such is the force of Dolor fell, so fierce is he in fight,

That none on earth may him withstand, his powre is such, & might,

The brasen gates of Troian towne, they might not long endure,

When ihat Debilitie was come, to death then did procure.

*Plutarchus
in Romana
historia ad
M. Vinciu-
sayth, that
one Cit-
us new
Pompey,
but Polit-
chonicon,
that yong
Ptolomie
did cut of
his head,
and sent it
to Julius
Cesar
thinking to
have done
him great
pleasure,
but he was
therewith
veris sozie.*

I minde also to nominate the woxthie Romaine eake,
Pompey by name, whiche lost his head by Ptolomeus seate,
When Pompeius came vnto his Court, desiring him of ayde,
Forthwith he tooke from him his ring, and causde him to be stayde.

The lostie and couragious hart of woxthie Hanniball,

Might not withstand the poysned ring, to late for cure to call:
When he on finger once had set, then streight began his paine,
So ended he his life also, in earth his corps remaine.

Likewise Agamemnon he, by meane of his false wife,

Was slaine through Engist cructie, and so bereft from life,
His long absence at Troian siege, did not hit like a whiſt,
He lilly Pouly could not asswage, thus she to vice was knit.

To the like sequelle made an ende of Holofernes stout,

His tyrannic coulde not preuaile, nor eke his powre or rout:
By Iudith he to ende was brought, evēn subiect vnto death,

After much mirth and iolitie, full sone he lost his breath.

That woxthie Duene and Patron she, whose praise is without ende,

Did like alwayes hit owne to saue, and countrie to defende.

With golly zeale and feruent minde, she to the Lord did call,

And he as Judge omnipotent, by hit destroyed them all.

With

The trauailed Pilgrime

With hammer and with naple that Cicera was slaine,
By Iahel she that worthy wife, whose fame shall still remaine,
Wherby the Israclites as then destroyde their mortall foes,
Lo, thus can God doe when he list, Debilitie disclose.
And Iacob with his dagger sharpe, did Abner pierce to hart,
When he thought least of present death, full sone began his smarte:
Thus cankerd yre doth alwayes lurke, till he hath brought to passe,
Not fearing him whose fatall stroke, doth make him erre alasse.
Goliah that Philistian, what got he by his strength,
By Dauid he was put to flight, for all his force at length:
It is not in the strength of man to doe what thinkes him best,
Therefore regarde the lawes of God, so shall you finde most rest.
Hammon he was iudgde by right, sith he a galloves made,
Thereon to hang as reason woulde, for that he would emrade,
To rule and doe as he thought best, through pride he was detest:
And Mardocheus was preserude, for Hester louide him best.
Because he was both true and iust, and one that feared God,
Therefore she did preserue and keepe him from that cruell rod.
Who therfore sakes an others fall, doth oft himselfe disease,
And feoles the like to come to passe, when naught may else appease.
A thousand mo I could recite, if neede should so require,
But these I thinke sufficient, where reason hath desire.
God graunt all men the truth to loue, and so to run ech race,
In the supernall heighth aboue, to haue a byding place:
But such as will the Worldlings feare, and not the Lord aboue,
Be sure that such shall never see, the ioyes of life to proue:
Feare God and thole that preach the truth, the other count as vaine,
And then be sure to rest in ioyes, when others shall in paine.
Vnderstanding saide to me, the fourth part is vnsene,
And things of worthie Memorie, whiche long agoe hath bene.
But for this time, this shall suffice, from hence we will depart,
And see that you in any wise, doe not forget in hart:
But rather see thou meditate, or contemplate in minde,
These worthie notes not to forget, as earst I haue assignde,
See that you do, your selfe employe, let Time not from you slide,
Encrease doe you sanguinitie, with Loue, your former guide.

C.J.

And

Here I in-
derstan-
ding gi-
ue the
Author
charge to
be minde-
full of that
which is
shewed.

The trauailed Pilgrime

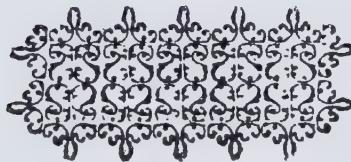
And so we came as friendes, from out of place where we
Had long toghthers communid, of ech state and degree,
The house of Reason so it hight, where Iustice true doth bide,
Mercie and Compassion eke, not one from thence doth slide.
As we came forth with whole Iudgement and wise Consideration,
I pondred then what things I saw, by Wisedomes sage narration,
Displeasant gan delighs to spring, with most assured doubtfulnesse,
With painfull pangues & dolefull care, appered then Disquietnelle.
Because I had not seen the rest, a griefe it was to me,
For that I thought the greater part in Time I might not see.
When that from out of place we were, amasde I was to thinke,
Of Dolor fell which would assaile, and with his force me linke.
Debilitie as then not neare, which made me lese to feare,
Ne yet no part or shew therof, against me did bpreare:
And also Vnderstanding he, so saide to me his minde,
That if I would not from him start, no time would be vnkinde.
By me thou shalt know all the force, of fierce Debilitie,
And how he doth oser mankinde, from eche state and degree,
And what the armes is that he, is fortified withall,
And at what time he doth subuert, and whom he first doth call.
Not one that fible is and weake, his force may once abide,
No Fort nor Fortresse may withstand, nor none may from him slide.
The sight of Banner once displayde, scarce one dares him withstande,
In no place where I erl haue bene, on sea and eke on lande.
When frozen harts with fonde desire, doe thinke to ouerun,
Then Antropos lik flaming fire vpon them sone doth come,
Whose force is such, the time once past, the corps then comes to dust,
To irefull yre a boyling bath, loe, this is full discust.
The Spyder labors still to make, a web to snare the flies,
So Sathan he attendant is, with falshoode and with lies,
To catch in trap if that he can, and by what meane to get,
The simple soule into his power, he daily layes his net.
When we thus ended had our talke, straight made I preparation,
My selfe to arm, I then thought best, auoyding desolation:
For all the haste I might not passe, till I had broke my fast,
By Reason he I toke my leaue, departing so at last.

Here Understan-
ding com-
forsteth the
Author.

A thow

The traauailed Pilgrime

A thousande thankes I gaue him then, for my repast and cheare,
And promist him assuredly, before him to appere,
At no time to forget the wordes, which he to me had sayde,
If I once myght from daungers scape, which made me sore astrayde.
Thou Reader mark what this doth meane, from vice I do thy warne,
By figured shew thy life to mende, thy selfe to keepe from harine:
Although thou finde that seemeth straunge, as Dolor, Time, & Zeale,
Such messengers they represent, all vice they warne to quele.
Debilite doth signifie, the inward griefe of minde,
Whiche doth decrease throught cruell thought, thereto are most assynd:
Then Dolor he doth represent, the carking care of man,
Whose gredie minde seekes all to get, still doing what he can,
In all estates both hie and lowe, they loue so worldly nucke,
That when they shal depart this life, their sinne from life doth pluck:
The life I meane which lasteth still, in the supernall thronc,
Where Gods elect in rest doth dwelle, from all wo, griefe and mone,
Beare well in minde, all that is past, the better shalt thou knoe,
In that which restes for to be read, to rid thee from thy soe.



E.S.

Forth

The trauailed Pilgrime

The Author by Reason taketh his iourney, and recey-
ueth the Speare of Regiment.



Will, his horse no sooner feeling himselfe ready to iourney, beginnes to runne
in the fielde of Worldey pleasure, shewing himselfe so couragous, that
to staye his wilfull boldnesse the Author is sore vexed and
wiried, yet as the length through much a doe,
the Author forceth him
to staye.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Orthwith I leapt vpon my horse, which ready was prepaarde,
Will, hee hight, which fewe may rule, as earst I haue declarde.
Thus being ready forth to iourne, he gaue to me a Speare,
The which was shod with Regiment, my foes to quell and scare,
Whiche friendly Reason willed me, and Vnderstanding eake,
Both gaue me charge, in any wise, not once their lawes to breake.
Thus iournyng forth with courage good, till I espide a straignt:
The present Time, it called was, which mindes on none to wait.
To some the way is large & brode, yea long ere they can finde
The ende therof, such is their lot, by loue aboue assignde :
To other some both straignt and short, and soone they come to ende,
Lo, what is man to striue with Time : on loue therfore depende.
Marke well where riches doth abounde, the Time so steales away,
And causes many in the ende, to perish and decay :
Because that such haue more regarde, vnto the wordly mucke,
And time once past to late to call, exampyle of the Bucke,
Whiche Elope long ago declarde, that praisde so much his hornes,
So fell at strife with his smal legs, that streight was staid wth thornes. *Elopi fa-*
The yelping voice and sound of dogs, on sodeine made him start, *bula.*
And crabbed horns whiche he so praisd, both lyrought his deth & smart.
Such men therfore as will not see, and haue regarde in time,
May likened be to Elopes Hart, that at his legges did pine:
Leaue off therfore from vaine delights, least they at length you staye,
And leade you from the way of life, to late then to dismaye.
But fonde desired Wilfulness, oft thinks it overpast,
Wher oftentimes he scarce doth touch, and he then at his last :
Both pleasure and felicitie, from Time so stiates awaie,
Even as the winde is left behinde, vnto their owne decaye.
Thus leauing off from troublous thought, I gan againe to ininde
The iourney, which I toke in hande, and how I was assignde,
Not once to stey till I had bene in every land and coste,
Wherby that I such newes might bring, as well to least as mosse.
As I began to bew the fielde, my Horse then named Will,
Began to run with such great force, no Dale he sparde nor Hill,
Will he attaine in middest of plaine, then gan him selfe to shake,
By armes and handes so wertied was, that straignt began to ake:

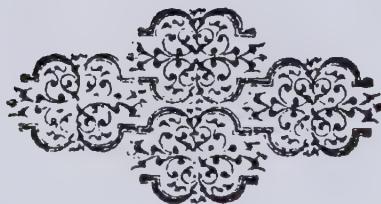
C.ii.

Ere the
Authour is
Exerted by
his horse
Will, in the
middest of
the fielde
called
Worldly
pleasure.

Ag

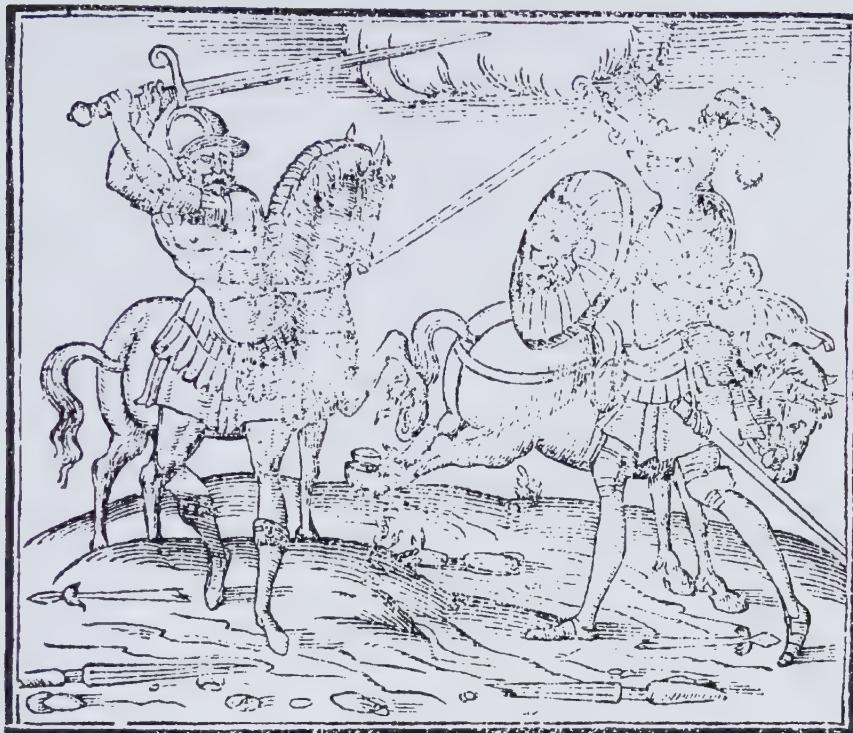
The traauled Pilgrime

As I behelde me rounde about, the first that I there salwe,
 I was a knight with courage stout, of whome I stode in awe:
His standing was both stiffe and strong, well weaponed and sure,
 With valianc courage me abode, in armour bright and pure.
With Trauaile he so arm'd was, his Horse was called Paine,
 And Shielde also faire painted eke, with watch that doth disdaine,
The heauie minde and slumbryng sleepe, which oft on men doth fall:
 Be ready therfore I you reue, regarde him that doth call.
His Cote was of a certayne Maile, the best and surest sure,
 That could be founide by Suffrance, and constant Zeale most pure:
By semblant shew of his attire, some traauler to bee,
 Which from some battell was escapt, as Reason showde to me.
As I behelde him thus, me thought it good to stay a tyme,
 To see if that he would assayle, or vse vnlawfull crime:
As I thus musing with my selfe, to me he came amaine,
 With courage stout his horse gan run, which earst was called Paine,



The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ Age here beginneth to make bittaille with the Author,
in the fieldc of worldly pleasure.



The Author after long fight, yeldeth him selfe to Age, and receyveth his counsell, promising to fulfill all such covenants, as Age hath given charge witball, and so taking his leave, proceedeth on his iourney.

The trauailed Pilgrime

I Dithwith my Speare I set on Rest, ech other strongly stroke,
That therewithall to ground we fell, & both our speares we broke:
The dent of stroke did not dismay so much our strength and might,
But that full quickly we arose, and strongly gan to fight,
Even like unto a valiant knight before me did upstart,
With Falcon strong began to strike, wherewith he made me smart:
And I as yet not boyde from strength, with truncheon of my Speare
Let sli amaine with courage eke, not yet vanquisht by feare,
So long as Regiment, my Speare, did holde and was unbroke,
So long did I the valiant knight, kepe off by dent of stroke,
But when he by his puissance, my Speare had all to rent,
Then did decrease my former strength, which I oue aboue had lent.
Thus fighting still he watched how, some mortall wounde to give,
But I by Regiment did defende, that he me could not grieue:
His furionsnesse to me was such, that wonder was to see,
To recompence I sholded the same, amaine I strokes let flie.
When he espide my courage so, that I toke no regarde,
A new assault he gan on me, that draue me to my warde:
His Falcon strong and sharpe also, did me so much annoye,
That to defende then was I faine, my selfe so to employe.
Full many a stroke I did awarde, till all my Speare was rent:
I then was faine to draw my sword, yet loth for to relent,
Although he stonde to vanquishe me, I did the best I mought,
Till he so strake upon my head, that faine I was to stoupe.
This combat was in such sort fought, that nought remained whole,
Both shal and ar more soxe was cut, thus Age doth deale his dole.
My shielde with strokis almost he clauie, wheron was all my staye,
As yet he coulde me not subuert, no; once my hope dismaye.
Thus ech of us still laboured, the vnmest of our powre,
But lacking breach were faine to staye, the space of halfe an houre:
Full glad was I and he his wile, to leue this cruell fight,
Till we attained had some strength, and so recouerde might.
As I thus breathing on the ground, full well then did beholde,
That gryp Age whiche we allide, with countenance grim and bolde,
Then with my selfe I gan to muse, how I migh know, where he
Did most remaine, and in what coste, as after you shall see.

With

The trauailed Pilgrime

W^Ith loue so much enflamde I was, that streight to hym I spake,
O^h knight most worthy sayde I then, my loue to thee doe take,
And shew to me if that thou please, thy name and eke thy place,
And then as friendes we hope to gr^e, from y^e, to ioyes solace.
If thou wilt shew thy name to me, to satisfie my minde,
Demaunde the like if thee it please, I ready am assynd,
To shew to thee the like againe, graunt me now my request,
And from henceforth thou shalt me finde, obedient vnto rest.
He aunswerde me with h^eadfull speach, with words most soft and wise,
I am of roiall bloud discend, and wilfull youth despise,
I am of more knowyng on the earth, than euer Hector was,
O^h Corrin stout which flew by myght, the Giant tough as bras^e,
My proper name is called Age, the Register of Truth,
Whiche notes the time of euery one, wherby great god ensuth,
No force of youth may me withstande, although he doe excell.
In Marshall feates and prowes eke, though thousands he doe quell.
This plaine of Time, which thou art in, not one may ouergoe,
But by my leaue and ayding helpe, therby the way to knoe,
For he that thinkes from me to scape, his labour is in vaine,
To striue with me he doth but get, great sorrow, griefe and paine.
Persoone to me he y^eedes must come, there is no saying nay,
Except they die in youthfull yeares, then come they not this way:
What froward and malignant sole, would sime to striue with Age,
When lustie youth I win with force, and make him serue as Page,
And so alsmuch as thou art now, thus fallen on my hande,
Thy selfe in time doe y^ealde to me, thou mayst not me withstande,
My puissant force thou soone shalt finde, if thou wilt not relent,
An aunswe quickly therfore give, least after thou repent.
When he to me had sayde these words, me thought I fel as still,
A remenant left of youthfull strength, whereby I fearde no ill,
With that he gaue defiance stout, wherby I set no store,
So gan the battaile much more fill, than all the time before.
His Falcon houge did so me daunt, my Speare then being broke,
Whercon was grounded all my might, no more to give a stroke.
When thus my force was broken cleane, then gan I to dismay,
Yet fighting still the best I coulde, while Courage did me stay.

F.I.

And

Corrineus
came and
arrived
to Brue
at the Isle
of Tot-
ness in
Cornwall,
and there
in wast-
ing, slew
Gogina-
gog a Gy-
ant, which
there unha-
bited, as
sayeth Po-
lychroni-
con. sc. of
Corrineus
came the
name of
Cornwall,
and Cor-
nishmen.
Some af-
firme that
Cornwall
came of
Cornu a
hoine, be-
cause it is
fashioned
like a horn
in circuite
or compass,
which
may so be:
but because
the first is
the older,
I doe sup-
pose that
to be the
truest.

The trauailed Pilgrime

And after this the easier, to bring me to decaye,
Fro me he tolke my shielde of hope, without further delay :
By dent of Falcon valiant, so sore did me pursue,
Without resistance at the length, by state of age I grue.
Thus felling in my selfe at length both very weake and faint,
Not able to continue so, his strokes me did restraint :
To thinke vpon the youthfull race, and now to Age must bowe,
With sobbing cares and inward thoughts, to Age I made a vowe:
Requiring him to pardon me, and take me as his thall,
Thus faine was I my selfe to yarde, not knowing what would fall.
To striue with Age I thought it vaine, then gan I straight to say :
Require of me what you thinke god, I truely will it pay.
With that he did withdraw hymselfe, and ceased from the fight,
And tolke my Gauntlet of my hande, as conquerred by right :
Most louingly with semblant shewe, he tolke me by the hande,
And saide if I would rule bæ, no foes shold me withstande.
Bellephe: For as the servant ought by right, his Maisters words to kepe,
So oughtest thou most faithfully, no iot from this to flete :
If that thou be, then be thou sure, not pertured to bæ,
Let Aurea king Pircus wife, example be to thee.
When that she saw Bellepheron woulde not to hir consent,
She euer after sought by meanes, a mischiefe to inuent :
And at the length she did complaine, and tolde the King in dede,
That he accomplish woulde his will, by force he had decrete.
But he like to a valiant knight, hir mischiefe did preuent,
And so by Pircus was allignde, to fulfill his intent,
Whiche was to kill a monster fell, and then pardoned to bæ :
So soþt he saplde the place to finde, thus was their whole decree.
Thus euery faithfull knyght is bounde, by iustice and by lawe,
To kepe in minde and to fulfill, and not to stand in awe.
All þ:omyses with right to kepe, the truth to ayde with might,
For that pertaines as chiefe renoume, to every worthy knyght.
No greater fame on earth may be, then Truth to beare the swaye,
Therefore to Truth so bende thy minde, that is the surest waye.
The promyse made by true aduice, for no man doe forgoe,
Then be thou sure at all assayes, to spoyle thy mortall foe,

Here the
Author
receiveth
to a ge.

Bellephe:
ton was
a Knight
of Argos,
and serued
king Pircus:
Aurea
was wife
to Pircus
which
sought the
knyghtes
death, for
not consen-
ting to hir
adulterie.

Ende

The trauailed Pilgrime.

Take care to me and marke my wordes, and so kepe them in minne.
That from henceforth thou prosper mayest, thereto thy selfe incline:
Such amorous and daintie Dames, that venarie doth seke,
From such see thou in any wise, no company doe kepe.
And also those whereas their Lords by fraude their house doe kepe,
With flatterie and eke Deceit, in no wise such doe greate.
Arme thou thy selfe alwayes with Truth, and thereto giue delight,
Then be thou sure frō such to scape, which Truth alwayes doth spite.
There is no man that I accompt once reasonable to be,
That dreadeth not such wicked thought, as thou full well shalt see.
Therefore if that thou wilt attaine the state of worthie Age,
At all times see thou doe restraine, from Cerberus seruage.
The worthie state of wedlocke kepe, beware of Sathanas snare,
If not, be sure at length to wepe, and eke to fyle great care:
For he that is desirous, eyther Mayde or Wifre to forye,
Let him be well assurde that he, in hell therfore shall bypyle.
Let honest mariage the suffise, and be therwith content,
Then God will blesse both YOUTH & Age, with grace theē to frequent:
The Zodomites destroyde were, because of filthy life,
With teares lament thy former dayes, at such be still at strife.
Both dede and thought let still be pure, from vice doe alwayes flee,
Cast vice away behinde the so, least in the ende thou die:
On thy left hande doe thou it leaue, account it none of thine,
And to my wordes haue god regard, away from vice decline,
From following of diuerse Courtes, I likewise doe theē warne,
For where much people doe resort, there lightly bredeth harme:
The olde Proverbe is certayne sure, after drizzling commeth durt,
So where much people doe resort, in some doth mischefe lurke.
A number sure haue bene decayde, whose yonthfull yeres haue spent,
And all to get renowmed fame, in Age awaie are sent,
Though one among a hundredth, a flece haue got by paine:
A thousand to that one, I saye, in base estate remaine.
Climbe thou therfore so for renowme, with Reason and with Time,
Therby to soy in that thou hast, and voyde thy selfe from crime,
For he that wades for dead mens shooes, may chance at length go bare,
And when he thinkes to haue his fill, on bare walles he may stare.

Here Age
graceth his
charge to
the Au-
thor.

The Po-
eres haue
seyned that
Cerberus
was po-
ter of hell,
having
iii. heads,
which
heades
were three
vices,
couetous-
nesse, mur-
der, and
lechery.

The trauailed Pilgrime

There extreme pouertie doth dwelle, there dolfull dayes are stote,
Provide therfore in time doe thou, that thou mayst haue the more,
Of meate and drinke and clothing eke, thy state for to supply,
For pouertie abhorred is, and naught of rich set by.
Beholde the forrest of Lost time, take heede thou come not there,
For enter not in any wise, therof be thou in feare.
For he that loyters all his life, and mindes no art to learne,
Shall beare the bob in Distrerds schole, and grind in Monius querne.
To Idlenesse haue no desire, some practise put in vre,
And minde to liue as I haue taught, by Sapience sage demure,
In any wise Gods lawes obey, the better shalt thou liue,
To put in vre that I haue sayde, as Truch doth counsell giue,
Those things that yong men take in hande, concerning great renoune,
Is of their owne both cost and charge, if they in Welch aboune:
The gallant greene and youthfull mindes, desires to bring to passe,
Aduenturing so long till some, therfore doe crie alas.
Take heede in time, the best way seek, the more shall be thy gaine,
Thy bodie eke in strength shall grow, so lesse will be thy paine.
When that thou shalt haue cause to deale, in combats sharpe and fell,
Thou mayst therby be able then thy foes full stome to quell.
If so it chaunce that thou decrease, not able to withstande,
Yet faint not thou in any wise, giue not distrust thy hande,
With seruente zeale and constant faith, thy selfe so yelde in time,
That thou therby thy soule mayst saue, and so be rid from crime,
Though all the fierie furies were, with Plutos rage in place,
And Osimodeus ready dight, yet naught could they deface,
What got the furious serpent fell, when he iust Job did paine,
Could he therby obtaine his will: no, no, this is certaine:
The chieffest point which doth behoue, all men to haue in daede,
Is perfecte Faith and Charitie, therein stiil to procede,
Now haue A shewed vnto the, sic well vnto thy charge,
Passe not the limits giuen to the, row thou in no such barge.
I aunswerde him by seruente Age, his charge so to obserue,
That I at no time would forget, but with all powre conserue,
And kept so well his charge, that I at no time would defect,
With diligence and constant zeale, in no wise to neglect.

The Au-
thor agre-
eth to the
counsell
of Age.

The trauailed Pilgrime

On that condicion sayde he then, take now thy leaue to goe,

Weyre I saye, dee not forget, make not thy friende thy foe,
Wondre well all my precepts, the better mayst thou iorne,

A thousand streights thou needes must passe, and not againe retorne.
Straight waye from him I did depart, through the desert of Age,

Wher that my state discouered was, it forste me not to rage,
According to appointed Age, aduenture to obtaine,

I passed so the nighest wayes, with Will I rode amaine.

Thus as I rode I thought vpon the worthie Champion stout,

In that he did so friendly deale, with me when I came out:
Both horse and armour he me gaue, as friende and not as foe,

A Corge eke he did prepare, therby me still to knoc,

Whiche altered somewhat my state, when I graye heares espide,

And yet for all that, loth to leaue, had not bene neare my guide,
That Memorie so did me moue, my othe not to misuse,

That therewith nothing me dismayde, ne counsell to refuse.

Thus when Age, had all sayd his minde, and ended of his talke,

About his charge he did attend, and I from him did walke,
And I as one full bent to iorne, deuised then some song,

How I might kepe the promise made, and tyme I thought full long.

Incontinent I turned backe, in light escried I Age,

Within my face did then appeare, with countenance grim and sage,
To die him fro I thought it baine, therfore I did embrace,

And ioyfull then was of my state, though youth from me he chale,

As tyme did passe I rode me vp, vpon a mountaine hie,

The whole race there of all mankinde, full sone I did escrie,
I being thus aloft did muse, whiche way for to discende,

And sodainly I was conuaide, vnto the lower ende.

For in the life of man it is, more difficult to rise,

In climbing hie the rocke of Faith, God graunt that non: despise,
Full prone is man through Adams fall, and loth also to clime,

Or any paines to take in hande, wherby to boyde his crime.

As I began in all the haste, my wayes for to direct,

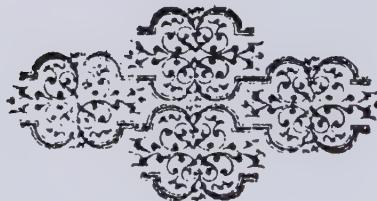
The desert huge did neare approche, the whiche I did detect,
And then like as the snayle consumes himselfe with creeping long,

In like estate my selfe neare brought, if I had further tylong.

Age licen-
seth the
Author to
trauaile
further.

The trauailed Pilgrime

The windes full calmly there did blow, me thought it did me ease,
Likewise to smell the pleasant fumes, a time did me much please,
In outward shew it semde to be, a place and joyous rest,
Whyn all yre and cruelte, which doth the truth detest.
His building faire doth signific, the world both fresh and gaye,
Whiche by his subtile practises, himselfe a time doth staye,
The Damsels eke are vices fell, which doth mans hart infect,
Alluring such as with them melle, and so themselues detect.
In practising of vaine delights, thereto they glue their mindes,
And for to climbe aloft they hie, such would excell the windes,
But when they are aloft in daxe, there vaine and carnall winges,
By heate of sunne constrainnes awye, with other dreadfull thinges.
Then Sathan he his trumpe doth blowe, which Horror called is,
For sope he skippes aloft in ayre to vew those that be his.
Thus haue shewed the full effect of this my simple minde,
Take well in worth, repente with spide, shew not thy selfe vinkinde.
The lawes of God are manifest, thou never more were taught,
Beware therfore of sond desires, such trifles count as naught,
The olde Prouerbe is certayne sure, the best doth longst endure,
The best in tyme therfore doe secke, let deedes this put in vre.



The Author being caried by his horse Will to the palace of disordered liuers, seeing then the abuse of all vertues, and the maintenance of filthy luxuria, remembreth his promise made to Age, looketh in the glasse of reformation, straight taketh his iorney, forsaking vtterly those abuses.



The Author seeing Abusion of all ordered vertues, so decht like a joolc, suspecteth
that all the rest inhabiteres, are no fit companions, concerning his promise
to Age, leaueth all and departeth with Memorie .

G.i.

The traualied Pilgrime

Now shall I shewe the all the state, by order and decrete,
How euerie one in his attire themselves did shewe to me,
But first of all their minstrelle, and then eche one by name,
And how at length I did escape, whereby I got my fame.
A Pilgrime right I may be calde, because I never rest,
In seeking out on sea and lande, that which may like me best:
The straunge report of Aurhors olde, so much enflamde my minde,
That I therewith euern forced was, the Indian lande to finde,
From ship to lande, my selfe to eale, great combats did I fight,
Till Autropos at length me met, and so bereft of myght.
Unto my matter taken in hande, I purpose now to goe,
And so forth on unto the ende, my boyage straunge to shew.
A thousand soundes of instruments most muscall I harde,
Whose harmonic was calde Deceit, in eche degrée prearde,
A number there began to daunce, Deceit so did them please,
With skippes aloft they gan to friske, although to some small ease.
Deceit so finely did set forth, hit dulcent harmonic,
That me almost she had neere caught, into hit companie:
A while me thought no pleasure like, might be compared sure,
Orpheus he for all his mirth, might not with these endure.
Who sought his wife full many a day, in Hell where Pluto king,
Held hit as his, till he by mirth, from thence apace did bring:
But ere he was all daungers past, not minding no Deceate,
That Pluto he tooke hit againe, he wrought this craftie scate,
Thus as I neere approcht the gate, a Porter there I sawe,
Which called was Abusion, of whomie I stode in awe,
But when I knew his force and strenght, then straight to him I spake
Desiring him to aunsweare me, which he did not forsake.
Saying, this pallace faire and fresh, wherein so many are,
Is verie straunge for me to tell, thus he began to snare,
With lostie cheare, but scorning voice, thole which thou leest above,
I tell the plaine is vyle Delight, the place is called Loue.
It bight the loue of worldly welth, with pleasures of the same,
Thus haue I shewed the all the state, wherein they still doe game:
His words me moued to retire, not once to minde such loue,
But vyle desyre did what she could, and thereto did me moue.

To

Pluto son
to Sa-
ture, the
Poets fei-
ned that he
was the
duell of
Hell.

The trauailed Pilgrime

To enter in among the rest, she did me much procure,
With stryving I sure stible was, not able to endure.
God Memorie did me defende, which vnto life do runne,
And charged me to flee desire, as I had earst begonne.
Forthwith was shewed to me a glasse, wherein I saw full cleere,
The former facts that I had done, as well those past as neare.
Within that glasse espide I Age, which noted well my trade,
And frowning browes to me he bent, awaye consume de as shade :
Because I did so small regarde, mine othe and promise iust,
He shewed himselfe most wrathfull still, euen bent to bate my lust,
No sooner I graye heares espide, and face with wrinkles fall,
My youthfull courage then decreased, so thus did Age me pull.
Yet Lust and eke Concupiscence, assaulted me so sore,
By their attempt I scarce could get, then languisht I the more,
In sorrowes fell and deadly thoughts, had not Remembrance bin,
No way coulde I escape them sure, from that allured sin,
But Memorie declarde to me, such words of lively forse,
That streight to hit I did incline, and yelded straight my corse,
As one full bent no more to straye, hit counsell did I craue,
And she forthwith did shew full plaine, which way my selfe to saue.
No man that liueth on the earth, may sinne so from him misue,
Therefore to suffer paines thou must, so doth it thee behoue:
For Sathan he will tempt thee still, and doe the best he can,
To trap thee fast in deadly sinne, such is his trade with man.
Therefore in time doe call to minde, away will go thy youth,
And seeke thole things that will thee saue, for troubles oft ensute :
Disturbe not once thy memorie in thirgs that passe thy wit,
For who doth so, by fraude is caught, for thee it is vifit.
And albeit Concupiscence and Lust doe thee assayle,
Restraine them still, then be thou sure, in time thou mayst not quayle.
When I had well behelde them both, then did I vnderstande,
Their counsels tolde to be deceit, and foes to euerie lande.
Forthwith I called Memorie, wherein stode all my straye,
Desiring hit me to excuse, from Lust I toke my wape,
If any of these errors fell, doe after me inquyre,
Say that you know not where I am, let them returne with yre.

G.ij.

Thus

By the
coife, the
Author
meaneth
the whole
state of the
earthly
man, being
corrupted
in sinne.

The tru. nled Pilgrime

Thus in the ende all was but vaine, that Lust doth take in hande,
That Memorie by sundry wares, releaseth me from their bande,
From them she did me still defende, and brought me in plaine way,
For sor therof I did reviue, thus was she still my stay.

With courage then I tooke in hande, from wilfull fraude and guile,
Wherein I saw no reason was, at those I gan to smile,
Deceit and Guile falt hidered were, for knowing any good,
In deserts dñe I left them all, and Reason by me stod,
Who bade me say, adewe fonde loue, now bld I thee farewell,
God graunt that I, nor no man else, desire with hit to noll,
Considering hit vaine estate, and hit deceitfull loue,
To quietnesse my hart I set, fonde loue no more to proue.
Not one estate that she regardes, if she in them beare swaye,
Who list or will know hit therfore, sure breedes his owne decaye:
By Reason doe thy selfe content, let Vnderstanding guide,
For they are those whose beautie shines, surpassthe wo:ld wide.
The nughtie loue that sittes on hic, full well all states doth vewe,
The verie secrete of mens hertes, oft times he chaunges a newe,
If that in tyme they doe repente, with faichfull minde in deede,
He ready is vs to forgiue, and that with fervent spedde:
Forth on my voyage ionued I, with will and good intent,
My faichfull promise to fulfill, by Ages commaundement,
Thus as I rode by Dale and Hill, I ganue my way to vew,
And straight appereed I in sight of Age before I knew.
Where I on sodene was beset, with lights both huge and straunge,
The aire full dimme began to shine, a shew of state to chaunge:
The earth began to tremble eke, it made me quake for feare,
Infectiōn forth also gan sic, which did much empeare,
With miseries replenished with carefull paine and griefe,
No lande it is of profite sure, wherein doth rest relieve,
For paine to paine there doth resort, ech other so doth pape,
Thus wearied Age in barren lande, a tyme doth beare his swaye:
The trees that there are, beares no fruite, so barren is the grounde,
But thornes sharp whiche soe doth grieue, there sorowes doth abound
Nothing at all that beareth tas, a dungeon like it is,
Most tenebrous withouten light, yet se we that lande doth misse.

By we
ried Age
is meant
the vnprou
stable
tyme spent,
the state of
Age is
barren,
when
there is no
fruite of
good life
appearing.

Post

The trauailed Pilgrime.

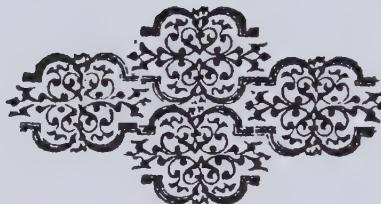
Holt ruinous this place is sure, there dolors doe increase,
Of vitaile eke there cometh none, whereby Age to release :
The Well springs there full bitter are, and called Violation,
So were the named sinnes their first state, of darkned inclination,
No summe nor Mone there doth appere, no light at all is scene,
No goodnesse there may haue recourse, beware such trap or grin,
Disprise, Dispraise, Disdaine and Ire, so rules this place or lande,
That Loue & Truth with constaunce Zeale may not w^t these gests stād.
No place at all once Helle to finde, he will not there abide,
No Gladnesse she may not be scene, if wrath hit once haue spide,
This vacant lande that barren is, euen froward Age doth shew,
Whiche ruled is by fonde desire, ouer such Gods wrath doth flow,
An other Ilande yet there is, not farre from Violation,
Infirmite also it hight, most full of perturbation,
Decrepitie there bends his sayle, so long as aere giues breath,
And in the ende preuayles so trim, that healty he turnes to death.
As yet I came not in that place, but sure I fel the smell,
Whiche represents to me my state, as Time full well can tell,
To thinke thereon it doth me feare, with tremblings low I quake,
For that I know the count is great, that I to loue must make.
Full soze I languish in my hart, for to see the wōlde nowe,
Without regard of life to come, from thence they bende and bole,
A number mindes no life I trow, ech man himselfe doth loue,
And to relieue h̄ poore they grudge, no threats their minds may moue
Our weakenesse and infirmite, no lasting lyfe can get,
On what then doth man hope vpon, himselfe he doth but let:
For while he striues to get renowme, the thred of life is cut,
On sodaine thus he leaues behinde, that he so much did glut.
Beware of fonde desired life, of Ill will and Disprise,
For they as Patres together are, and Atropos chiefe aere,
Those th̄ē doth bring a double death, I say therfore beware,
Their path doe lie, recryue them not, no: row with no such fare,
No kinde of benefit there is, that may compare to health,
If it be such as euill holdes, then breedes it but small wealth,
No euill is on earth certaine, of nomination small,
But if that thou emploie to it, will be a plague mortall :

S.ig.

The

The trauailed Pilgrime

The life of man may likened be, vnto a barren lande
With oughten people it to till, or there to liue and stande,
Whiche lieth so all ouergrowne, with Wzemble, Wzler, and Thorne,
So man deuoyde from vertues grace, by Dæmon straight is to:ne.
Auoyde therfore the path of ire, feare not Debilitie,
Decrepicie, nor none of his, may stay eternitie:
Welde thou thy selfe with all thy grices, to the eternall king,
And call for grace whyle thou hast space, to loue he will the: bring.



The trauailed Pilgrime.

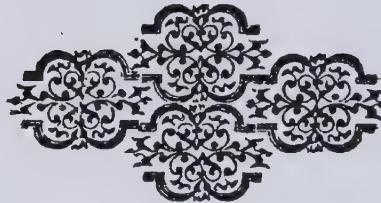
By the aged or olde man traueling in the wood, is signified the
desert of Age, that is, when youth is consumed, and the vi-
tall powers decreased, mans time is nothing else
but paine of body possessed with Dolor and
Debilitie, still looking for the last
combat, which is
Death.



*In the desert of Age there is no going out, decrepitate or consumation of the body may
not escape the prefixed time appointed. Also the Authr goeth further, being
not yet come to Decrepitie, and sheweth of certaine combats done by
divers valiant Champions, as followeth.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

The life of man may likened be, vnto a barren lande
With oughten people it to till, or there to liue and stande,
Whiche lieth so all ouergroonne, with Bremble, Brier, and Thorne,
So man deuoyde from vertues grace, by D^emon straignt is to ne.
Auoyde therfore the path of ire, feare not Debilitie,
Decrepitic, nor none of his, may stay eternitie:
Pelde thou thy selfe with all thy grieses, to the eternall king,
And call for grace while thou hast space, to loue he will thee bring.



The trauailed Pilgrime

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not yet come to Decrepitie, and sheweth of certaine combates done by
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The trauailed Pilgrime

As I thus was in the desert, from Age no way to flye,
I thought then best with him to staye, so stode I him fast by,
Thus with my selfe I did agree, with Age to be content,
So wish I those, that Age will see, least after they repent.

But yet a number I did see, that Age did much disdaine,

In painting out their faces gaye, and woulde not thence restraine,
Will Age decreas so much their state, by force he made them yelde,

These combats
were
sought in
the vale of
ignorance
being in
the middest
of the land
called lost
time.

For wrath therof they did proclame, to combat in the feldc.

Dame Daintie first began the bōyle, by Ignorance assent,

Which hoped sure pore Age to kill, this was hir whole intent,

Full fast on rest she set hir speare, on Pride, she rode amaine,

Therby she thought so Age to feare, thus did she him disdaine,

By graue assent he did retire, a time to see when shē,

Would leaue hit yre, and go hit waye, or unto him agayn:

Dame Littlewit when that she salwe, that Age gan to retire,

With baine Beautie on Age she strake, in hope of hit desire.

But when he had got all these Hates togethers on a rowe,

Then he let flye, Time past and gone, and made them him to knowe:

This combat sure was maruelous, it caused me to smile,

To see those fooles so trimly deckt, themselves deceyued by guile.

Thus were they faine for thw to yelde as captives unto Age,

And to leaue off their sonde attire, for all their force and rage,

Dame Flatterie with hafte came in, with worldly pleasures fine,

Recites for Dames therwith to paint their parched face to shine.

Dame Meretrix with brodered heares, a wooden face she had,

For nothing she ashamed was, Luxuria so hir clad:

With irefull voice she gan to rayle, for losing of hit Hates,

And brought with hit Dame Flingbraine so, w many other States.

Whose names I mende so to recite, in order if I can,

That all that reade this booke maye know, those furies to withstand,

Dame Ire and Idell louing Hates, Dame Discord and Pick thanke,

Beldame Coy, and maistresse Nice, with Prater sauce and cranke.

These hoped sure a fresh to fight, they did their verie best,

But all in baine, such was their gaine, he them so long opprest,

That they were faine by cruell paine, of force he made them bow,

Thus were they forced to lie amaine, frō youth they knew not how.

The trauailed Pilgrime.

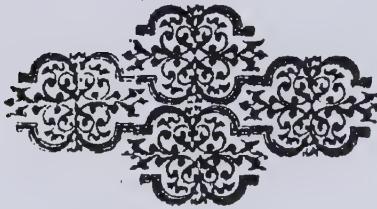
So fonde desire of Brainsick soles oft breedes their owne decay,
When they in time will not forsee, but follow still their sway.
The envious sole seekes still to straine, yea though he haue the worse,
Decreasing still his owne estate, and goes with thred bare purse,
Where Prodigalitie doth raigne, and fonde Hubristie:
With such as may no stafe maintaine, such breedes their miserie.
The one by large expence consumes the whole his father got,
The other he aloft doth looke from vertue sure a blot.
Of cancered deede and filthie life they practise with such toles,
That Ignorance shall sure them dub, to Cleric of Saint Foles,
His Parisheners and friendly mates, whose ende is dolfull wo.
Except in time they doe forsee, some other path to go.
So long they stroue till Age them caught, by force he made them bowe,
And Youth so saw his state decrease, to Age he made a bove,
Thy course so runne on boylsterous seas, too high hysle not thy sayle,
Let Reason rule, so mayst thou best at all assayes preuayle.
What craft on earth can Age beguile, if man long time remaine,
Where once he comes such hold he takes, y none may him refraine,
Till death appears, which bringes the ende, so long is he his guest,
Euen to the graue he doth all bring, a time the bodies rest.
Now to declare the ayre state, somewhat I minde to saye,
Of all Complexions what they are, and how they do decaye.
Sanguine fierce and valiant, as Authors doe declare,
Melancholy full of ire, with bodie leane and bare.
In Choler he full grosse doth ware, as grim as Bacchus grace,
And flegmatike no cowarde is, where he may hide his face.
But where these fourre in one are knit, by noble Nature shē,
There so a time the bodie syrdes, euen as the herbe or tree.
But when these signes do disagree, and Sperma doe decrease,
Then streight beginnes to putrefie, the inner parts and grease:
To drinesse then the bodie growes with parched hands and skinne,
And so continues to the ende, but Youth no more can winne.
Who woulde not trauaile all his life such science to knoe,
As able is to rid from strife this carcasse bare and woe:
The state it selfe is nothing surē, full stome doth bade away,
No earthly thing doth long endure, but once he doth decay.

H.j.

Wly

The trauailed Pilgrime

Why then is man so loth to goe, this fickle life to leaue,
Sith he so well the state doth know, he doth himselfe deceave :
The pompeous state and worldly welth, doth many mindes so blinde,
That when they shoulde accompreis repay, most farthest are behinde.
The Wurde that in the Cage doth sing, somtimes both shrill and cleere,
In ayrie skye with better note, as doth fall well appere,
Because his kunde is there to be, if he the Cage may scape,
Most ioyfull then beginnes his laye, no more for feare doth quake.
But mans regarde is nothing so, the Cage of sinne to sile,
The greater plague doth oft ensue, when that the poore doth crie,
For many gods so well doth loue, they care not how they get,
So they may haue to serue their mindes, their whole desire is set.
To matters full of iolitie, and newes both straunge and rare,
I minde to tell with modestie, no more for thought to care.
Yarke now beginnes my whole pretence, though rude in eare it sound,
Yet doe not laugh till all you know, least you your selues confound :



The trauailed Pilgrime

The Author and Memorie passeth the fielde of worldly pleasure,
and after talketh of the dreadfull combats not yet seene.



*With his Horse as yet nothing tired, for all his long trauaile in the
fielde of worldly pleasure.*

H. 4.

The trauailed Pilgrime

As I behelde this combat great, twixt Age and all his foes,
And how they thought him to resist, as straight I shall disclose :
And eke had behelde the barrainesse of all this ioylesse lande,
With all the incommodities that therein still doe stande.
And eke how many youthfull states began him to resist,
Although no power at all was theirs, so long for to persist.
And when as I had viewed his lande, so cast in Ilands twaine,
Infirmite and Wearinelle, as named they remaine,
With all their scarcitie full bare, and withered place to see,
And violations bitter stremes, approaching fast to mee :
I was so much appalde in minde, I wist not what to thinke,
That forced I should be so soone, of Ages Cup to drinke :
To thinke vpon my youthfull state, it grieved me apace,
Considering that my bewtie now, Age shoulde so sore deace.
Then as alone I rode full sure, appointed for to fight,
With speare made apt, for Vorsemans course al harnessed so bright.
As quite despairing of my selfe, I soone hung downe my head,
And rode amased withouten spirite, as one that were halfe dead :
Espying that no Speare ne shielde, coulde saue me from such ill,
No long experiance coulde resist, that withered Ages will.
Now entering the dale of wo alone my selfe so sad,
I gan lament my soylesse hap, in sorowes then so clad.
I looke about if hap I could, some other vlysight espie,
That would haue tasted of the Cup, of Age, as well as I,
And staring long none I could behelde, of high nor lowe deacie, (me.)
Then quite dismaide I thought such chancie, shoud hap to none but
Vell forth I rode with trembling corps, and face both wan and pale :
So entring in the hollowe cane, and way to Ages dale,
With troubled braynes of wyt bereft, and saue a quaking hart,
That so a lone I shoulde of force, sustayne suche cruell smart :
Alas sayde I haue I alone, deserued so to be,
Still looking rounde on every side, if any I could see.
Then thought I sure to turne agayne, and scape that crooked way,
I gan to raine stoute Will my horse, as meaning there to stay,
And backe agayne to take my course, for thitherto pleasures ffelede,
Unto whose grace, I had supposed, my body for to yelde :

And

The trauailed Pilgrime

And never so to come agayne in perill of such wo,
If hap I could escape the pathe, of Ages Iland so :
But when I would haue raynde my horſe, and so escaped out :
I ſaw no way that I mought take, I put you out of doubt,
My horſe was then with me diſmayde, and ſo began to rale,
Sith he no path of ſtable ground, nor ſitting ſure could ſeſe :
There was no comfort to be rept, but wo and much diſtrefle,
Sith none I coulde eſpie, that might to me the path expreſſe :
Then mourning in my inward minde, I wifht I had gone ſtill,
For th on my way to Ages dale, that he had had his will :
And that I mought ſone haue bene ſpent, and Age of me beguylde,
When hollow graue, with bloudie bones, of me ſhould be defilde.
And not in ſuch a Laberinth, of endleſſe woes to wende,
As I had found in ſuch a caſe, not hauing any ende.
Well : yet I thought ſome way to finde, and ſpurreſ I ſet to ſide,
Then leapt my horſe and plunged ſore, a pace for th on to glide.
And labouring full long therein, at laſt he ſounde the trade
That earl before were turned backe, in iourney we had made :
And then apace we went for th right, ſore trembling and afraide,
In deſert place ſo conforſtlesſe through which I was diſmaide.
And thought as then to yelde my ſelſe to Ages ſalt alone,
For all this while to take my part I ſure eſpide none,
Till at the laſt when all my hope was well nigh gone and ſpent,
I caſt my head aſide : and lo, in path where as I went,
Dame Memorie againe ſpide, I which late from me was gone,
And when ſhe ſaw me ſhe made haſte, to come to me alone :
She markt my cheare, how ſad I looke, and aſtate me of my chaunce,
Oh Madame Memory ſayde I, in caſe of great greuaunce.
For as I deeme this is the way, to Ages toylesſe Dale,
To thinke vpon, therewith it makes my face both wan and pale :
Sith I alone muſt runne this race, to deſert in ſuch haſte :
And that none else I can eſpie, of it with me to teſte.
But when ſhe hard me make ſuch moane, and inward groaning geueſe,
She vtered wordes of conforſt ſtrong, to me for my reueltre :
She bade me cheare and not diſmay, ne yet to make ſuch moane,
And then ſhe proued by Argument, I ſhould not go alone.

H. ly.

232

The traualied Pilgrime.

She made relation vnto me, as we rode forth a pace,
How many godly wightes before, had runne that crooked race,
And yet because I shold not saynt, I le ride with thē she sayde:
And keepe you company a whyle, therefore be not afayde.
And as we rode the gonne rehers, to me in loflic stile,
Whose comely iesture made me glad, when often she did singe:
How many kings and Princes eke, to fore that iorney came:
To home after this we shall expresse, as she did truely name.
To my great toye and comfort then, hir company I did keepe,
Whose merly tales and stories true, would never let me sleepe,
But all the wordes of Memory, whiche there I marked well:
Of which I meane to make discourse, and out of hande to tell.



The traualied Pilgrime.

Here the worthy and victorious King, Henry the eyght, defen-
deth hym for a tyme against Debility, and lyke a
prudent Prince most princely, yeeldeth to
his judgement, after long fight
had with Debilitie.



*Valyauncie the Haroldes rideb before the King, and biddeth the Combat,
being first moued thereto by Dolor and Debilitie.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ I st that I shold no: all dispaire, and loth my wearied life,
She named certaine vnto me, whiche I remembre rife,
As Adam, Noe, and diuers moe, Dauid and Salomon,
Hector, and Cesar, Iulius, and other many one:
As Pericles, and Piamus, and Polymon of Grece,
Hercules and Iason stout, whiche wan the golden blice,
Atreus and Agameinon, with diuers worthie Wightes:
As Alexander Macedon subica to fatall flichtes.
Some vnto age, and some in youth by Atropos consent,
To haue the vitall thredes cut off, and yet to be content.
And therfore thou, quoth Memorie, thinke not thy selfe so strong,
To put thy trust in Will thy hōse, thy dayes for to prolong.
He faint to vew olde Ages gate, and palace of distresse:
Quoth she to me, for straunger newes, yet can I well expresse.
And at the last forth riding still, sayd she, cast vp thine eie,
And then forthwith a desert plaine, I gan for to espie,
Wher nothing grew but withered trees, & parched grasse or ground,
And ruinous as I behelde, it semed to be rounde:
At one side satte one full of bones, withouten flesch or skin,
With deeper crown, & robe like clay, with trone all carned within.
And hym before a Champion stout, his Haralde sure he was,
With Cote of Armes as he did giue, loe thus it came to passe:
And on the right hand of the plaine, I saw a worthie King,
In complete Harnesse mette to fight, preparde in euery thing,
Like Alexander in his heighth, resembling Hesters grace,
¶ Like Achilles he did seeme, then marching on a pace:
A ken before hym was a Wight, in compleat harnesse thoe,
And hōse well barded vnder hym, his puissance to shooe.
With Speare in hande to giue thassault, as semed vnto me,
A Harolde then went from the king, most gorgeous for to see,
And did ambassage from his Grace, vnto the Champion stout,
Whose chalenge was to fight, as semed by trausing at out,
Then aske I Memorie what he meant, and of the plaine by name,
And full curteously forthwith, to me did shooe the same:
The sicke quoth Memorie so bare, is wildernes of Death,
Wher every mortall wight is forste to leaue his vitall b̄eath.

The

The trauailed Pilgrime

The bony corps that thou doest see, is Death that puissant Prince,

Which with his small Scepter doth, all earthly things conuince:

The Champion that before him is, Defiance sure is hight,

Who vilipendeth all estates for Death his Master right.

The king quoth he in harnessse set, so bolde in lyuely grace,

Is Henry Route of Englande king, the eyght of name and place:

Which wan such valyant battailes strong, & forrein townes laid wast,

Which culde by prudent skil so well, and pollitique forecast.

Which brought all nations vnder feare, of his high maiestie,

Which made all forrein powers to quake, through magnanimitie.

Which first began as Iosua did, Gods foes for to dispoyle:

The same is he which first of all, gaue Antichrist the foyle.

Which bakte the neck of Papistrie, and gaue a deadly wound,

Unto the Passe that romishe Hell, that did our soules confound.

The same is he which first set to, to breake the romishe clowde,

And first to sounde the Trumpet blast, of Gods true worde a lowde.

Which first defied the bannynge Pope, and all his Bulles of lead,

And he which first denied the Pope, to be the supreme head.

Which wanne himselfe preheminence, by courage stoute and bolde:

And first began the Romishe clayme, and tytle to withholde.

And did by Target bright of faith, the Popes high curse receaue,

And washing of the same gan first, on Christes truth to cleaue,

Which staid the Popes reuenues here, and puld the Abbeys downe,

And spoylde the Romishe lubbers all, which luredte in every towne.

The same is he which did commaunde, Gods pastours for to preache,

And gaue them leaue in Popes despite, Gods holye worde to teache.

The same is Henry sure the eyght, whose same is first in stie:

Whose trumpe victoriouly doth sound, whose conquest can not die.

The Micht before him is, quoth shie, Debilite by name,

The Champion stout of Death so pale, it is the verie same:

He makes the way and winnes the field by weakenesse in his kynge, these two

Death doth triumph by his great force, as daily we may finde.

The Harolde of the King, to him, is Valiauncie in dede,

Who goeth to know the Champions minde, & what he hath decreide:

Whose aunswere is that he must needs for all his fame relent,

And unto Death with all the reast as first to be content.

The Va-
toide that
weareth
Deaths
Cote with
bones, is
called De-
fiance.

Here be
guineth
the Com-
toe twice
valiant
Cham-
pions. Deb-
bie and
the worthy
King Hen-
rie E eight.

The trauailed Pilgrime

I sure am he which Philip stue, and Alexander bothe,
Darius and that Ptholome, though they were very loshe:
So forth we went, and she with chere, bade harken to hir talke,
For she would shew me more than this, quoth she, as we do walke.
Then spurres I set to Will my hōrse, our iourney to passe on,
Wher chaunced after this, I shall declare to you anon,
To hōsse on waye, apace we rode, till at the length we came,
Into that vale of restlesse time, which so is calde by name.
That King in courage was so stoute, against that Champion bolde,
That scarce he could, the chalenge made, his fingars from him hold,
For he was not afraide to passe the seas with all his hoste,
And bid his foes the battell stoute, in their owne lande and coste.
He feared not to pitche his Campe in hart of sorreine lande,
And battell wage with enimies force, yea, euen hand to hande,
At last Dame Memorie lookte back, and straight she bade me stay,
And there I saw a worthy fight, as truth I will display.
Debilitie the chalenge gaue, and Death in iudgement sat,
But yet this worthy King did shewe no binching face therat:
Then came Defiance with a scroule, thou king sayd he, take heede,
Debilitie shall thee conuince, and vanquishe thee with sped.
Though many Kings thou hast dismayde, with that thy manly face,
And made thy foes abashed oft in presence of thy grace,
Yet thinke thou not vs to withstande, yarde therfore if thou wilt,
Leas hap contemning long, thy dayes with wearincesse be spilt.
The Champion now Debilitie or Welakeenesse is by name,
At this triumphantly reioysste, as glad to heare the same,
Then sent the King stoute Valiauncie, ambassage sor to tel,
That he wil knew their couraige bold, shold not his power yet quic:
He yet will yarde at thy proude boast, though horred heares he haue,
It is not thou with all thy bragges, that canst han yet deplane:
With that the Champion made his course, eke the King him met,
Then was the fight full cruelly betwene them fiercely set.
Their fierie strokes and dreadfull blowes abashd my fearefull eyes.
I thinke the sounde of them was hearde aboue the lower styes,
At last they paused for breath, well ne bot being quite dismayde,
Till iudgement came from Thanatos, a while they stond stazyde.

The

The trauailed Pilgrime

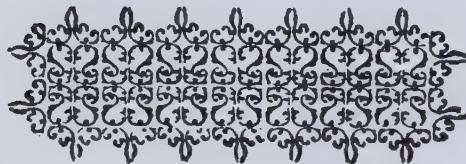
The sentence definite was this, as I could understande,
The winde so bare away the sounde, that it could scarce be scande.
Omnia mortali mutantur lege creata,
All things created must chaunged be by mortall law no doute,
Therefore in vaine thou valiant King, art thou so highe and stoute :
Abase thy selfe, he must conuince, yet now these words deserue,
Mori non turpe est, sed turpi est mori :
It is not filthie for to die, his fleshe must cut the thredes,
But filthily to die, that same is filthinesse in dede.
When as the King had heard these wordes, he gan for to recite,
His noble actes which he had done, that might him then requite.
No might sayde he, no strength ne same, triumph nor viceroy,
Can me resist, which am the Prince of fatall destinate.
With that the King began againe, a stroke or two to fight,
But sone he was by weakenesse spoylde, and boide of courage quite :
Lo, sayde Dame Memorie to me, this Pageant didst thou bew,
All Rightes must suffer this constreyn, by destinie most crew.
First Age, then eke Debilitie, and Death must sure extende,
As of this King, so of the rest, in time to make an ende:
Dispare not thou, quoth she to me, for yet I will thee shew,
Of mo that suffered hauie this fight, whom thou didst truly know.
Make spedee quoth she, and ride apace, and so we did no doute,
Till we the sight of the bare fielde, had wholy passed oute:
And then I askte Dame Memorie, if I might make report,
Of that Combat which I had scene, there tride in such a sort.
Yea, quoth she, feare it not to tell, for doubtlesse this is trew,
King Henrie was a King full stoute, as all men then well knew,
Which raigned thritic seauen yeares, as Chronicles doe tell,
And did in Marciall prowes then, all other farre excell.
And yet at last with Dauid King and Salomon his sonne,
With Iosaphat and Iosias, his strength must needes be dorwe,
And so must all mankinde likewise, sayd she, there is no way,
Of fatall stroke there is a meane, to make a perfite stay.
Though long they liue as Nestor did, or as Methusalye,
Yet once the time approches neare, wherein they needes must dye:
And therfore sayd she thinke thou still on Death and on thine ende,
And thou shalt keepe thy life so straight, that thou shalt not offend.

I.y.

This

The trauailed Pilgrime

This talke we had as we did ride, with much more I confesse,
Which were to long, it to recite, if I shoulde it expresse.
When we en way had iournayed long, in Times most pleasant felde,
To other talke Dame Memorie address hit selfe to yelde.
Approching neare vnto a plaine, of godly pasture greene,
Where many thinke of right god praise, were plainly to be seene :
But when we were now entring in, she bade me then prepare,
To see and heare the chaunce and truth, wherof I now declare.



Lord

The trauailed Pilgrime

The Author and Memorie riding forwarde in the fielde called
Time, stayeth in the middest therof behol-
ding every state there as-
sembled.



The valiaun Prince and King addressed with Valiancie his Harolde,
to bia defiance against Dolor and Dibilitie, Thana-
tos being iudge.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Lord Thanatos in Throne I sawe, as Prince of deadly thare,
And eke desaunce still him by, as playnely did appere:
Then asked I of Memory, what ment him there to bee,
He ruleth all the earth she sayde, as playnely thou shalt see.
And there in judgement is he set, and judgement to display,
Twixt two Champions that thou didst beholde this other day.
Whch that I harde a deadly sounde, as seemed of Trumpets blast,
The noyse wherc of euē duld me my spites, and made me sore agast.
Faint not, quoth Memory to me, ne dread this deadly sounde,
For now preparing is for fight, as I did earst expounde:
At last out of an hollow Cave, came one so stoute and braue,
As though he would within an houre, all mortall Michtes depreue.
On sturdy steede in harness bright, and Helmet deckt with plume,
His countenaunce showde that he would scorne, all humaine strength
His loftie gate made me to thinke, on him I sawe before, (consume:
This same is he quoth Memory, muse thou on it no more.
This same is stoute Debilitie, that Champion blythe and strong,
Whch thou shalt see to winne the field, before that it be long:
And lo sayde she, cast vp thine eye, on thother side the hill,
Forthwith approached straight in sight, the glymce of speare and bll:
Then lookte I vp and sawe a farre, a Prince both yong and fayre,
In compleat harness bright and clere, resembling Marsis heire:
About a seuentene yeres of age, of comely stature true,
It did me god his Princeely grace, and personage to vewe.
In bettie like Narcissus sure, Dame Iunos comely face,
Begot of Jupiter he was, I dicomed by his grace,
And after him a goodly trayne, of puissaunt men of micht,
All so preparde in armes clere, and readie for to fight.
Then as we rode our iourney on, and still sawe them dawto neere,
I prayd y Memory would then, make playne their names appere:
That princely childe saide she, that lung, that yong Narcissus faire,
Whose valiant hart shewes him no lesse, then worthy Henries heire.
That same is young Iosias tried, the sixt Edward quoth she,
That found Gods booke in broke walles, and made it preachte to bee,
The same is he which read himselfe, Gods booke with loftie sound,
And sent the preachers through his land, it plainly to expound.

Helchias

The traualied Pilgrime

Helchias this king did esteeme, as hysg Priest of his lande,
By whome all Argumens of trouth, shold be with power scande,
This wretchede Priest loued Zaphan well, the Scribe aprocude in wit:
Whiche two did alwayes with the king, in regall counsell sit.
By whose great wyt and pollicie, and by this kings consent,
All falle Idolatrie, was quite out of his Region rent,
The hill Alteris and groves in woodes, and Priestes of Baall ech one,
Were sone broke downe, & they cast out, from presence of his thron.
The lyuing God Iehouah, he did worship and obaye,
All superstition that stode vp, he sone conuayde awaie.
The booke of Deutronomy pure, he openly did reede:
And so commaunded as his lande, in trouth so to procede.
In fine as earst his genitor, king Henry had begon,
By him the Romishe rable was quite ransackt and vndoon,
As noble Sire by noble minde, had layde foundation sure:
So he that building finished, his raigne so to endure.
The Pope he clearely banished, and named as suprenie head,
He utterly defied the Mass, and all his Bulles of lead.
He brake downe all Balles Images, and Pilgrimages vaine,
All Trentals, Diriges, Rites and rites, of Rome he did dismayne.
He tooke the syng of trouth in hande, and ston of zeale that slet,
And gaue the Pope Goliah sure, a wounde and deadly dent:
He threwe his pardons out the doore, his power he full defied,
And cast his care on Jesus Christ, that Lambe whiche so him died.
Then this done he when Antichrist had lost his title cleane,
His hono: and his power vsurpe, whiche was not worth a beane,
By counsayle of that Zaphan Wise, this king erected right,
By Helchias the Priestes advise, in Antichristes dispight.
New lawes and institution, within his realme and lande,
And purged the Englishe Church therwith, of Popery out of hande:
He threwe the Alteris downe with force, whiche made vs like the Jewes,
And set vp Tables by and by, as Christ himselfe did vse.
The bookes of God he made be read, I meane Christes Testament,
Quoth he whiche Antichrist the Pope had hid long time and rent:
And made them playne in mother tongue, translated so to be,
And made the people serue the Lorde, in trouth and veritic.

The trauailed Pilgrime

He rulde his lande seuen yeres quod she, in such aduised wile,
As fame therefore doth sounde his prayse, even to the starrie skyes:
But whether rydes he now quoth I, and all those wightes so braue,
To age desert with spide quoth she, as natures course doth craue.
But range thy horse sayde Memory, stande still be not astrayde,
For ere he come at Age byhalfe, his iourney shall be stayde:
With that comes one euill fauored wight, all deckte in straunge aray,
And crept among his sturdie wightes, as they rode on their way.
Hast him quoth Memory to me? I see him well quoth I,
Thou shalt see more of his vnhap, quoth she, even by and by:
The same is he which sure will worke, the fall of that same king:
And him before the tyme of age, unto destruction bring.
Infortunate, that is his name, a wight most fierce and fell,
As thou shalt see quoth she anone, I neade not thare to tell,
With that I sawe an other wight, Debilitie he hight:
Whiche crossing came another way, unto this yong king righte.
And then I sawe before this king Dame Fortune shynning clare,
With hir most glittering shuered bushe vnkempd as myght appere:
Whiche couered all hir face and brest, it was so thick and long:
He thought hir selfe so did behaue, as one that ment him wrong.
For she hir balde and hearelesse head, turnde towarde him behinde,
This represents sayde Memory, that thing which he shall finde:
For though he haue bene fortunate, hir forchead to beholde:
Yet spedily she will turne back, of this thou mayst be bolde.
No yowth ne belwte may preuayle, no honor fame nor praise,
No welch nor dignitie be sure, that Thanatos assaies.
As she the wodds haue bitted forth, came Hope that heauenly Dame:
And gan to comfort by his hart, deseruing well the same.
High Enterprize was at his hande, a noble Lorde and stoute,
With that Dame Memory bade me, to leue looking aboue,
And cast thine eye vpon the king, so singlike that rode:
From whome deceyfull Fortune fled, with all hir bushe abrode.
At whome he caught but all to late, she had no heare behinde
Saide Memorie, now marke thou well, to recreate thy minde:
But recreation none I salve, but dolfull griefe and wo,
To see so sweete a King dismayde, by guilffull Fortune so.

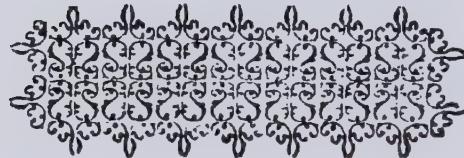
For

The trauailed Pilgrime

For why Debilitie gan prounce, when he was here the king,
And eke Desiaunce came in poste, Ambassadge for to bring:
Quoth he vnto Debilitie, now ply thy strength full well,
And suffer not olde Age to gayne, ne yet thy power to quell.
With that the king espyed a farre, this Champion stoute and strong,
And he to sende to knowe his minde, did not the tyme prolong:
(High Enterprise) it was that rode, Ambassage to display,
And eke to knowe to what ende, he thus did beset his way.
Thy soueraigne Edward thinkes quoth he, Debilitie I meane,
To passe to Ages lande as did, his father stoute and cleane,
But doe thou write it may not be, that he shold it attayne,
I here am set him to preuent, his iourney to restrayne.
High Enterprise retirde agayne, and tolde the aunsweare so,
Whiche made the kings couragious hart, to be euilained tho:
Shall I quoth he preuented be, no sayth I will assayle,
To make the Champion stoute relent, and eke his purpose quayle.
There Hope stopt out, and went before, and he came downe amaine,
And met the Champion with such force, that he had neare him slaine:
Then did Desiaunce sound the Trumpet, of Death against the king,
At whiche the Champion gaue a blow, that did him shrowdly wryng.
He faynted at the stroke in dede, and yet so stoute was he,
That his yong Princeely hart respire, and thought reuengde to be,
And bente his speare to strike amayne, but as his stroke was bente,
That feblenesse behinde him came, and did him much preuent.
Then stroake Debilitie that Wylght, and downe fell Edward flat,
It wold haue greued a saythfull minde, for to haue benc therat,
To see a king so toward and stoute, a right losias sure,
Such hard conflict and great mishap, in childehood to endure.
In tender youth alas, sayde I, to Memory my friend,
What chaunce is this y this god childe, so sone hath caught his end:
Unworthy sure quoth Memory, the lande was of his grace,
Theire vyle unchristian thanklesse life, made him to lose his place.
But sure quoth he this is the trade, all men once vndes must go,
No Wylght on earth but yong and olde, must subiect be to wo.
Then forth we rode, but to loke back, it grieved me at the hart,
To see that Princeely childe disinayde, and prest with deadly dare.

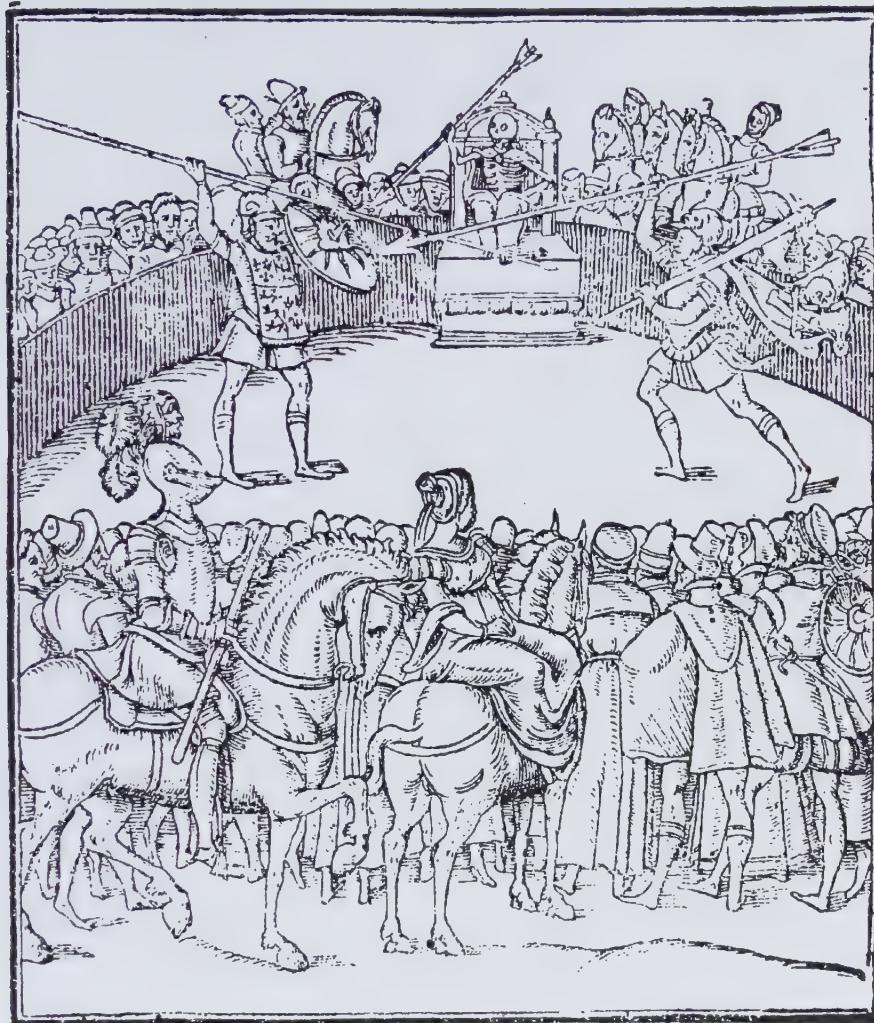
The trauailed Pilgrime

It grieued me sure to see his fall, and how he was dismaide,
And sure that strumpet Fortune then, did make me soye astaide :
Oh, who would trust sayde I with teares, and dolefull heauie minde,
To Fortune that vnstable blast, that wauereth like the winde.
Well yet sayde Memory to me, come on nowe ride apace,
For I will shewe the more as yet, beholde thou ponder place :
It was about a ken from vs, so we did passe away
Till we came nere, then what besell, hereafter I will say.



Withen

These two Champions signifie Valiauncie, and Defiance, adrest like Haroldes by outwarde shape: bicause Dolor and Debilitie are certeine accidents, or inwarde mouings, the which are felt, but not seene: Eche striueth with other who shall be the chiefe Gouvernor, Thanatos taketh the supremacie, and compelleth them both to serue him.



*The Author an i Memorie beholdeth the cumbat, marking well what
is spoken of Queene Marie.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

Whan we had rode a god long space in fielde that is so gréne,
Whan we had talkid wel, of things which we before had scéne
We came at last vnto a Dale where we went downe apace,
I saw two Champions prest in armes, whiche redy were to chace.
One as it were a kien me thought from other in hollow plaine,
Both bent with countenance stout to see, to fight with myght & maine:
Thus as I cast mine eye about, I saw a Harolde drest,
Whiche came as though some message he, alreadie had exprest.
Whose irefull countenance made me shinke, his loftie spech to heare,
Proceeding on his iourney still, as after shall appeare,
Forth on I came with bised hede, well marking every pace,
Till both these Champions I sawe, eche other lookte in face,
Their meetings were so valiant, as rare apperde in sight,
Whiche did so sore my hart dismay, that boyde I was of myght,
With hollow cheeke most straunge to see, and glymping eies sunk in,
Euen like to that Heraclites from weeping doth not lune,
A witherde face and skin so parcht, and bones by sorrow made ful drye,
That I gan tremble all my flesh, to see him as I passed by,
The other sure did farre surpasste, so leane, so slender, thin and bare,
As though he had bene pindé & kepte, with very thin and homely fare.
And such a sent came from him warde, as made me sicke in senses all,
It dulde my wittes, it palde my sense, yea surc it turned vp my gall:
And as I was thus out of frame, I cast mine eie vp to the hill,
And there I saw olde Atropos in deadly throné there sitting still:
As though in iudgement she had ben, to cut hys dred that Clotho spou,
Alas saide I, I am beset, yea sure I thought I was boundon,
Whan I thought on the worthy sightes, & pleasures great I passed fro,
Oh so my minde it did oppresse, belvapt I was in dolefull wo.
The glorious Princes deckt so fine, so many a lustie Wight,
The Countrie faire, the fruitfull soyles, that were before my sight,
The worthie plattes and orient lands, the bewtifull adorned ghe,
Now to forsake, and thus in grieve, of such a barren fielde to see.
And eke such ougly wights therin, such fearfull Champions swaine,
And most of all Dame Atropos, her sight was most my paine,
I shewed mine humaine nature then, that thought in pleasures trace,
That no misfortune should haue hapt, my courage to displace.

The trauailed Pilgrime

I thought as many thinke no doubt, in midst their pleasures daunce,

In time of welth and iolitie, of no such fatall chaunce:

Of Death nor of Calamitie, of poore and wretched state,

I thought as many thinke I see, that beare a loftie gate,

Like diuers Wights as Philip king, who ruled Macedone,

And eke as Nero did surmisse that grieuance shold be none :

But sure I was deceyde, so they deceyued are likewise,

That trust in worldy pleasures vaine, in Fortunes false surmisse,

In bewtie, strength, in welth and pride, in honor, fame and praise,

For in the turning of a hand false Fortune goes hir wayes.

And then such as doe not forecast in welth to frame with wo,

The losse of welth doth yerkie them nere which quickly hir forgo.

The losse of fame, the losse of ioye, the losse of store and ease,

Doth such that trusted still therin more grieuously displease,

Than it doth those that neuer had, of pleasure any tase,

As I now seele, said I in daede, with sorow nere downe cast.

This worde Dame Memorie be like heard as I spake the same,

And she forthwith would know of me why I was out of frame :

Alas Dame Memorie sayd I, these wights makes me agast,

Whch here I see in this same Dale, since I mine eyes downe cast.

But stire thou not, quoth Memorie from me, be not dismayde,

For many mightier than thou haue bene of them aftayde :

Beholde therfore and thou shalt see, great combats sharpe and fell,

As dreadfull sure, the like not past, marke well what I the tell.

I haue thewde quoth she, ere this, that thou shalt not alorre,

Treade on the path of mortall steppes, but other many one,

And these two wights I shall the tell, which present here dost see,

What be their names, that know y mayst, what both their natures

The wofull wight with hollow eyes, is Dolor, paine and griefe, (bōc

Whch in betrappling of mans steppes, is knolwne to be the chiefe :

When youthfull Age is past and gone, and lustie yeares all spent,

When cherefull mind by chaunged dayes, and wasted tyme is rent:

When Fortunes glittering bush turnes back, when pastime bids adue,

When riches wasted or when fame, in course cannot renue,

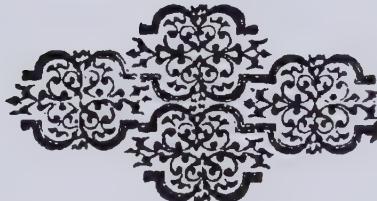
When merie hart by toylng care, of siluered Age is wo,

When pleasant Cupid doth the Courtes of Iupiters forgo.

The Dan:
thor here
lamentes
the state of
all fonde
desired
worldlings

The trauailed Pilgrime

Whan Bacchus Cups doe turne to want, whan Ceres crop do lache,
Whan Venus shall with Vulcan be, no more in yzon rache :
Whan Iunos bewtie withered is, whan Phoebus beames made dim,
Whan Cleopatra lies in tombe, that was before so trim :
Whan Salmacis the wanton Symphe, is monstrously transposed,
And she with Hermaphroditus so dolefully inclosed,
And whan Apollo hath forgot to tunc his instrument,
And hearing Orgaine stop by Age, which youth did still frequent.



These

The trauailed Pilgrime

Here the Author and Memorie beholdeth the last Combat
betwixt Dolor and Debilitie, clearely con-
uinced by Thanatos.



After long vexing travayle on their journey.

The trauniled Pilgrime

Then gunnes this Chamption Dolors raigne, procure to the graue,
Wher chiefly then although the rule, of all mans life he haue,
And let the wanton sort a whyle, and wealthie ones at wyll,
To tread there pleasant path with ease, as casting yet none yll.
Yet other while both grieve crape in, Dispaire a Chamption stoute,
That doth where feare of God is not, all former ioy blot oute :
And what is all mans lyfe sayde shre, but dolor grieve and paine,
That ioye can be in wretched vale, where wylde and all is vaine.
Feare not therefore quoth she to me, so: thou shalt taste no yll,
Before it be the limited, by God and by his will :
The other Champion calde by name, is sure Debilitie,
As feblenesse or weaknesse hight, whome thou so leane doest see,
He rules when Hercules hath lost, his talbe viciorous strength,
And when infections Nothus blowes, throughout the aire at length,
When god digestion Stomake sayles, and sithes the hart doth breake :
Then doth mans body wanting yonth, become all sick and weake.
When Soll that plannet full of grace, shall give curst Saturne raigne
And Luna soyne with Venus colde, than gins that weakning paine,
When Natures sayle by colors heat, and powers cannot digest,
Then weaknesse or Debilitie, sone hath his rule erprest :
When she had told me both their names, by this, they twasne were met
And we so nere that we might heare, their wordes withouten let,
They spake aloft as egerly, as they could both in yre,
And then to say I did in minde, to heare them much desire.
The winde was somwhat hie but yet, I heard them vrie playne,
How Dolor and Debilitie contended so: the raigne :
He raigne sayde one it is my right, the other did deny,
At last they greed their tytles both, by argument to try.
Then Dolor did rehersle the meanes, how he tooke place at large,
By losse of goddes, by losse of friends, by losse of Fortunes charge,
By pouertie by aduersitie chaunce, by Fortunes frowning face,
By syre, by sworde, by th'all, by lacke, cftlones doth grieve take place.
By losse of bewtie strength and fame, by losse of purpose bent,
By hatred, slauder, and mishap, when Saturue shall p'reuent.
A thousand wayes he did rehersle, how Dolor raignes in man:
Outward and eke a thousand mo, of inward chaunces than.

Which

The trauailed Pilgrime.

Whitch makes his entrance to the mind, to fill mans mind with griefe,
And therfore Dolor did conclude, that he ought be the chiefe.
But then to heare Debilitie what bragges he made at this,
By arguments as strong to proue, that right ought to be his.
He called the Planets all so: profe, by ap:ie argument,
As Saturne, Mars, and Luna colde, compleat with their aſſent:
That be the Autho:is of disease (ſaid he) and ioynde with Planets god,
They make complections turne and ioyee, they turne the helthleſſe
As if hote Planets rule, ampleat with colde which are to base, (blood
Then they make choler grow in man, and ſtomack ſteate apace,
If Planets colde get maiſtries, then ſleume doth ſtraight abounde,
The watrie reuines and ſtomackes yll, in partes of man is ſounde.
With pefilence, Gout, & Feuers ſtōg, Lasks, Dropſies, then appetre,
Quarterns, Tertiāns, and beſide, ſuch as doe touch moze naſe,
As Paralysis Palfey hight, which ſprung of humors colde,
Makes ſinewes all as reſolute, power's vitall to withholde.
Then Apoplexia comes in kinde, riſing of humors groſſe,
Whitch filles the vefſels of the braine, to ſpeach and moving loſſe:
Then Epilepſia likewiſe of groſſe colde ſleume doth ſpring,
Or else of Melancholy ſure, well knowne a weaſing thing.
So Diſinteria comes likewiſe, which nature cleane doth breake,
Contnuall torments comes with him, to make mans body weake:
And of Diſuria ſpringes a colde, of ſleume both groſſe and tough,
Who paines the bladder in ſuch ſort, and makes a man to bough.
Ephialtes, Epialos, thole Feuers both take place,
One colde, and the other burning hote, mans ſtrength for to deſace:
The Hemerhodes also doe come of fulneſſe of the vaines,
Whitch much depiue mā of his ſtrength, encreaſing grieuous pains.
Iclerios which Janndice hight, pretending in their kinde,
Of every ſort much weaſing man, as I can proue and finde.
Beſide ten thouſande more ſayd he, of ſore diſeases ſell,
Whitch now our time will not permit, in order for to tell.
Pea, and beſide a thouſande new, which ſprings low every day
As plagues made due deuized by God, mans new ſinnes to repay:
New wayes man ſill inuenſtirh now, his God for to offend,
And ſo God doth new plagues deuife, to bring him to an ende.

L.1.

Not

The traualied Pilgrime.

Not new as though God shoulde haue nede, new things for to inuenire,
But new because man did not trust, as yet such punishment:
I therefore quoth Debilitie, das proue my selfe the best,
By whom mankinde in this his race, is most of all opprest.
For soveto may be put away, as cause thereof doth spring,
Of pensarc hart swete instruments can sope and selace bring,
To soyle hart for poore estat, a salue is to be had,
And that is money which forthwith revives and makes him glad.
If wo for lacke of fame or paise, aauitie comes in,
If grieude with wouds the medicinestreight his eare doth then begin:
But he that is to weakenesse brought, Whistions may take paine,
And minister by Art and stille to make him hole againe:
Pea, cure his sicknesse as they may by knowledge euermore
But yet his strength they will confesse, God only must restore:
With that gan Dolor halfe distraught, to firc his speare on brest,
And straight Debilitie began likewise to be addrest:
Their words displesant were to eche, they were incensit with ire,
And so they gan to close amaine, with strokes as hote as fire,
Assuredly like Champions stoute and valiant in the feilde,
It was not cowardnesse that coulde, make either so to yelde.
But pawsed and fought, and pawsed againe, so cruell was their fight,
And sure full deadly blowes were giuen, on either part did light.
How likeliest thou this, said Memorie, sure saide I, gracious Dame
I never saw yet such conflict, no worthier than the same,
It is but haine, quoth she certes, for them thus to contende.
For see where one doth sit in throne, that shall their battell ende,
Why: that is Atropos quoth I, truthe quoth she to mee,
And these two Champions to hit grace, both but as servants be.
With that same worde I hearde a voyce, and Atropos gan speake,
With herwith these champions both at once, their battell of did breake:
Hir iudgement was that Griefe, or Paine, or Weaknesse were but sent
As messengers of Atropos, and so hir high entent.
Not for your selues, quoth she, that you to raging bee,
But that when eyther of you strike, man might prepare for mee:
Your powre and strength is little worth except I be your guide,
The honor therfore sure is mine, I fully haue it tride.

With

The trauailed Pilgrime.

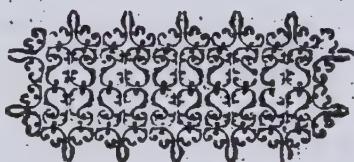
With that they layde and stong their speares, ech one out of his hand,
And cast their eyes to Accropes, wher as hit thone did stand,
And we rode by when all was done, the furious battailes hot,
And throught the Dale amaine we rode, our hores so to trot.
But as we rode Dame Memorie gan talke as woot we were,
Of that same sight which we had seene, wherof I was in fere :
So falling out and commoring, as we rode on our waye,
Of many things she put in minde, whiche she before did saye,
And eke how these two champions had, ful many a Micht downe cast,
And eke how man was but a stowre, a bud or westerne blast.
And so among much other talke, it came into my minde,
Talking of Princes and of Kings, which yet was left behinde :
To aske hit who succeeded next after in Britaine lande,
That swete & comly Edward King, whom Fortune did withstand.
Truly quoth she, thou well hast spoke, I had hit quite forgot,
With small deserte of memorie, she left behinde God wot
Marie a bitter stoure God knowes, sprong of so swaste a tre,
Yet bright she was in splendent thron, as any Queene could bee :
Marie succeeded Edward sure, a braunce of Henries blood,
Though that hit reigne with Hesperus did Britaine land smal god.
A noble Prince no doubt she was, respecting reigne and crowne,
As reyning over such a lande, as beares so high tenowne :
And wise she was as such one coulde, so left in brothers steade,
And wiser if she would haue sought, to be the supreme heade.
But she cast downe that fader raigne, whiche brother eke made sure,
And set vp that which they cast downe, of all things most vnpure:
Yet royally she ran hit race, as Lancie did hit guide,
And sure right godly was hit life, if knowledge had bene tride.
A iust religious minde had she, but wanting skill of truth,
Whiche caused in Britaine land much wo, much wailing, paine & ruth
If thou wolt more laid Memorie to me, of Maries raigne,
The Aces and Monuments put forth, of that time shote the plaine:
The tragicall discourse therof, the bloudie slaughter fell,
Time wull not scruie me, but that booke shall shew the verie well :
At last when she had raigne in pompe, adioyned to such a thone,
Scarce willingly gaue place to death, whiche Bellials sorte did mone.

L.y.

She

The trauailed Pilgrime

She seemed as yet to shew a grace, that farralls to desse,
And with these Champions both she fought, as time did them desrie:
But she alas was all to weake, for all the pompe she had,
And all the helpe of Balams flocke, which prayed as they were mad.
Whiche roared and bleared in every route, that she had lost her life,
Because they knew if she were gone, then wold begin their strife:
Well yet at length Debilitie and Dolor so preuaylde,
That they of her obtainde the price, which they had long assaylde.
And Atropos when they had done, cut off hir vitall thredes,
How grieuously and in what wile to shew, is more than neede,
And euen as Memorie had done this shott discourse to mee,
Of this same Duxene, hir raigne and end, a Fort we gan to see.
And che a house or Mansion place, as we rode vp the hill,
And vnderneath a valey faire, but forth we rode on still,
Till we were come vnto the house, where Memorie bade light,
There she constrained me to rest, because it was nere night.
Here will we bide, sayd she, a whille, vntill the morow day,
And then of other matters straight, I will to thys display,
At hir request I lighted downe, and put our steedes to grasse,
Then went we in, yet will we tell, what after came to passe.



Whem

The traualied Pilgrime

The Author and Memorie walking on foote, beholdeth the
auncient shewe and Funeralls, of mighty
Conquerours past.



Wherupon the Author beholding thi same, desireth Memorie to shew him the
meaning thereof, as earst to sure she had begonne.

The triauailed Pilgrime

Whan clowdie night so darke and grim, was passe then we arose,
Euen when Auroras comely hew, gan mornings chere disclose.
Whan Cinthias hornes were hid, when Phabus toke his race:
In glittering Chariot throught the skies, fro Esterne thronre apace.
Then sayde Dame Memory at once, make spede the day drawes on,
And so we toke our curtous leaue, and went to hōle anon:
The pleasaunts Dame is Memory, to ride or go withall,
She moues the minde not to forget what after shall befall.
The cheerfull Ladie on the way, Dame Memory is sure,
That euer matched with Pilgrime tryde, his fancies to allure,
Besides recouering vp the talke, that we had ouer night,
The chere, the banquet and repast, the pastaunce and delight.
She had a thousand merie tales, of storied past and gon,
Which were with wisedome enterlasse, right mete to think vpon:
Sometime by triauayle I gan tryde, and was right dill in midre,
But shee espying me, soothwith adrest some mirth to finde.
So passing on with merie tales, and wauering thoughts of me,
We gan about the eleuenthe hourre, a pleasaunt fielde to see.
I shold haue tolde first of the hill, where that the Forre did stande,
Wher we had lodgde all the night, right worthy to be scande.
For on that hill the way laye right, a streeete bright, faire, and plaine,
Much like the way that mountes the hil, Pernassus as they faine:
Hane onely that Pernassus way, leades vp the wined hill,
And this from top hath turnings none, but leadeth downe ward till.
Of all the places where I came, or aye haue scene to tell,
To none I can compare this hill, whereon our iourney fell,
Except it be to that same place, vnder Pernassus side,
Wher all the worthy Myles mane, Parnassides abide:
So faire, so swete, with floweres and tries, of strutes a long ear way.
That it unto Thesperides Carden compare I may,
Hill all a long till at the last, the way led downe amayne,
From whence as casting forth my sight, I spide y pleasant playne.
The bewte of the which, to much resuued vp my minde,
That still I longde to be therin, but loe I was behinde:
It sholden pleasant in mine eye, that fielde so freche of glē,
As though from Oetas top, the Creacian lande myght see.

End

The trauailed Pilgriime

And still the metter it I came, the fayrer it did lieme,
Which made me nuse and what it was, it caused me to dème :
And musing on it as I rode, as many mindes are bent,
To chaunged fancies newe and straunge, graue studie to preuent.
To please the eies and fir their mindes, oft times or fangeld chainge,
So I confesse as one of those, whose minde did often raigne,
But as I mused, Dame Memory, had tolde me many a tale,
But sure I wist not what they were, no more then Jacke a bale.
My minde was so bereft with toyes, and fancies that I salwe,
That what she sayd, I knew no more, then did a sculthe dawe:
I was much lyke then as I thought, to some that I did knowe,
Which oft doth come in preaching place, where truth doth bud and
To Sermons as they bled when as I was at home in rest, (groe
To which full many well I knowe, would oft be readie prest:
And yet when as they were in place, their derties for to here,
So many toyes and fancies fonde, before them did appere.
That oft when preacher had left off, if one should them desire,
They could as many wordes declare, as sea burne in the fire,
And knew as much their duetie then, when Sermon ended was,
As Linus in Lupercall wood, to helpe Pans priest sing Mass.
So much beside my selfe was I, as they were with there toyes,
To see this pleasaunt feld so faire, it much encreast my toyes :
But Memory much haung sayde, percyuing che my minde,
Knewe well before she askid me, how my disease to finde.
I aunswred hym and ha to hir, but nought I did regarde,
Of all the pleasaunt storics which she had for me preparede :
Much like as some, when wissemen shal, of wisedome touch them ought
And yet their ydell braynes doe still regarde the same as nought.
At last sayde Memory in deede, as marking well my cheere,
Where on my friend is set thy minde, that me thou doest not here:
Now sure dère Dame sayde I, this feld be wraps my senses so,
That I am rauisht with the sight, the further that I go.
With that Dame Memory to me did say, I was not wise,
To lose the marking of hir talke, for pleasaunce of mine eyes.
This feld she sayd whch thou doest see, so faire, so fresh and græne,
Unto an other sāmeth bāre, as time hath euer bāne.

L.11g.

This

The trauailed Pilgrime.

This Fielde is Time that nowe apperes of such a liuely hev,
To thē and certayne other mo, which perill never knew,
Whiche haue ynoch as helth and wealth, and ease withouten paine,
To whome eche hap of wordes and dedes, still fall out perfite gayne.
Whose sweetned mouths, no hūger tast, whose hart do take no thought
Whose handes to labōr haue no neede, that Art shuld out be sought:
Whose pleasaunt face the siluered drops of trickling sweate doth hate:
Whose wandering eies are not opprest, with watching ouer late:
Whose Corps adourned takes no colde, at Borias bitter blast,
Such thinke this Fielde a pleasant graynge, which never wo do tast,
Such as haue all thing at their willes, withouten thought or care,
As rauisht sure with sight thereof, there fancies fully are:
Whose Coffers are right full of Colde, whose Tables haue no scant,
Whose costly lodgings in the night, of easement haue no want:
Whose gorgeous vestments are framde, to pleasures of the eye,
Whiche as in honoꝝ, pompe, and praze, in Fortunes fauor hyc.
Whose thinke this Fielde of Time no doubt, a pleasaunt field to bee,
Like Garden of Hesperides, or Thessal Grecians glē.
But vnto such are tasting wo, griefe, hunger, paine and smart,
Whose howling sight for ioylesse state, procede from swelling hart:
Whose bodyes are with toyle opprest, whiche colde with Saturs yre,
On whom Dame Fortune turnes her back, not as they doe requite,
Whiche lack and taste of pinching paine, both naked pore and bare,
Whiche scarce doe lyue in meanly state, for all their toyle and care.
But glad to go from dore to dore, in howling yeksome griefe,
And are constrainde with witherd cheakes, to craue and aske relief:
To such this pleasaunt Fielde of Time, whiche thou doest thinke so gay,
A ioylesse plat they holde it sure, deuoyde of comfort thay.
Some other thinke, as they likewise, of Balams flocke I meane,
Whiche are dispoyde in this same time, of all their comfort cleane:
Whiche had a time for them full freſhe, mens soules to bye and sell,
Whiche were inricht by marchandise, y ſaued mens soules from hell.
What ſaide I: ſaued: nay quite dispoyled, of eulasting joyes,
While they in time of Molochs raigne, were flattred forth w tores,
While ſuch like Princes were inrichte, and fared of the best,
While ſimple ſort like Idiot lobbes, or innocents were drest.

They

The trauailed Pilgrime

They clothed in silkes as Marchauntes riche, with Benefices full,

With Benefices would I say, that made their braines so dull :

Whiche nowe doe howle, in corners crept, for losing of their gayne,

And of this pleasant time for griefe, doe very much complayne.

Though others ioye, and thinke it swete, yea happiest time of all,

When Gospell hath them stede from Pope, & Popis the cruell thralle:

And that belyke sayde Memory, doth make it seeme to thē

The Garden of Hesperides, more bewisfull to bee.

For their grew Golden apples sure, which Hercules bereft,

But here the sounde of lasting lyse, in holiest Garden left.

Yet marke and see the fickle chaunce, that happeneth in this tyme,

As well as in the auncient graunce, that was so full of cryme.

And as the proesse of hit talke, was throughtly at an ende,

We did begin in midst of fielde, apace so to discende,

Wher as there was so fayre a groue, and Arbes so to rest,

As Phæbus in Meridian rase, began to be adrest.

We both in place there did alight, and as we walked by,

The pleasant frutes that there we sawe, was passing to the eye,

The fragrant Rose, and smelling Mint, the Drieke banches greene,

A place most fit for balyuant harts, as for Minerua Nurene.

Thus as we walkte Dame Memory, gan take me by the hande,

Sayde thē of other matter is yet, Ile let thē vnderstande,

She friendly aske me howe I like that Garden freshe and greene,

Nowe sure Madame, sayde I ere thys, the like I haue not seene.

Go with me then she sayde, wherewith she gan my staps to guyde,

Out of a pryme way that opte all at the sotherne side :

And being there straight was in sight the godlest daled playne,

That is I thinke in all the coast, twix Macedon and Spayne.

Beset with great Pyramides, and Monuments right hie,

In god proportion and in heght, right pleasaunt to the eie :

At thonside rockes and Mountaynes huge, and godly groues to see,

Than all that I to fore had seene, this more delighted me :

Then as I cast mine eyes more low, I spide a mighty Prince,

With Diademe and Stoltnesse there, and Scepter to conuince,

In godly Throne I sawe him sit, with princely grace and chare,

Like Philip king of Macedon, his countnaunce did appere.

Here M-
emory
bewerth
the aunc-
ent mon-
uments.

W.J.

Dr

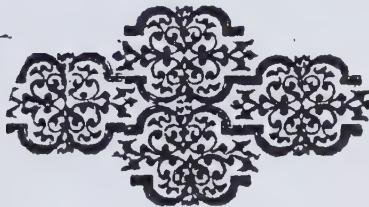
The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ like to Alexander sure, which wan by force of fight,
The vniuersall world throughout, in thirtene yeares by night,
The shewes of this olde monuments, were notes of Princes past,
For other purpose seruise they not, thus fame hath erode hit blast.
So many as were valiant, their deedes doe well recordre,
And for their faithfull seruice here, they raigne with God the Lorde :
To such therfore as spent their time, like cruell Nero hee,
Those monuments stande to their shame, as all full well may see.
Herode fell, Goliah stoute, what praise left they behinde,
¶ Bacchus he, that belly God, sure Momus guestes assynde,
Their crueltie rest to their shame, vnto the worlds ende,
Their infamic and cankred hate, from light their eyes did bende.
Marke well therfore quoth Memorie although these lights the please,
The lights not seyne with loue aboue, doth breede more ioy and ease:
For these are things though faire, yet vaine, a time to please the eye,
The life to come doth far surpasle, that iourney let vs hym.
 Bewrayt I was with heauise care, when thus much he had sayde,
And veray loth from thence to part, therewith I was dismayde.
Yet at the last ther so me aye, to hit I did consent,
With pleasant shewe of sugred wordes, my sorrowes to prevent.
If we should make so much report, quoth Memorie of all,
That we haue seene and doe beholde, the Readers minde would pall:
Therfore from hence now let vs part, our iourney forth to passe,
As we haue done from time to time, for run is halfe our glasse.
To speake somewhat of worthy lightes, which shineth very cleare,
I minde in dede for to declare, marke well, and thou shalt heare,
That worshie Queene Elizabeth, that splendent Rose so cleare,
Whose fame is spred in every coast, all Europe farre and neare:
With that I spake to Memorie our iourney forth to ride,
And she with spedde hit selfe adrest, which I full sone espide,
On Will I rode, and she on Eale, from lostie hill to dale,
As afterward shall well be seene, such newes account not stale.
The night approacht, and Vesper shone, Cinchia gaue hit shone,
Yet now and then when Clouds were past, from light for to decline,
A place we saw whiche did vs ioy, where we had hope to rest,
But being neare Aurora she hit selfe aloft adrest :

Horing

The trauailed Pilgrime

Speing now therfore quoth Memorie the day so faire begins,
Let vs procede our former talke, auoyding Tritons gynnes,
His whistling Wilke shall not allure, nor yet his lily song,
That to escape we shall full well, his craft can not vs wrong:
Ne sickle fancie let not moue, your senses to withholde,
For loue aboue doth strengthen all, as earst before I tolde,
Wherc Memorie and Reason eake, in man doth still abide,
There vertue growes with lasting ioyes, at euerie time and tide,
The whole discourse of eche mans life, may likened be to grasse,
Whose state and stay is no time firme, for all away doth passe:
The vehement colde congeales to yse, yet heate of sunne doth melt,
To gratesfull harts a lasting praise, as all such past hatie felt.



The trauailed Pilgrime,

The Author beholdeth the discourse of Dolor and Debilitie, Thanatos
sitting and giueth iudgement, Atropos giuing place.



As they are at contention, the worthy Queene Elizabeth passeth by, neyther
Dolor nor Debilitie, as yet not able to resist.

The trauailed Pilgrime

A **S**worthy factes deserues great fame, to such as vertue lone,
So worshie prayse is alwayes prest, by profe who list to proue.
No tongue ne pen may well expresse the benefites we haue:
Not only store of worldy welth, for that we neede not craue.
All things that we can thinke or wishe, concerning eche estate,
Are brought to vs, we lacke them not, we neede not feare of hate,
Of forren power, Prince, nor lande, if we eche other loue,
And doe obey our noble Queene, as dutie doth vs moue.
Whose royall raigne God so endur, sure Nestors yeares I wishe,
That she long time may be our guide, hit soes still to vanquishe:
And that we may while time we haue, by dutie seeke to please,
Hit royall grace our supreme head, Gods w^tath thereby to please.
No nation sure in Christen lande, may so as we compare,
No w^thier Princes beareth life, nor none more taketh care
To kepe and governe this hit Realme, by prudencie and skill
Is all hit care, hit lande to riche, no subiectes more haue will.
Hit splendent face and Christall eyen, hit comly corps and gate,
Is able sure a hart of stone, to cause relent and quake,
By way of sage sobrietie, hit publike wealth doth guide,
I thinke the like scarce may be founde at any time or tide.
What shall I say in farther praise, full well all men may know,
God graunt therfore we thankfull be, and duties to hit shew:
That lande or nation which doe loue their Prince with hart and will,
God doth and will them cuer blesse, in Citie, towne and hill.
Well, to procede quoth Memorie, as earst we haue begunne,
Let vs with spedē no tyme delaye, alwaye our course doth ruine.
Beholde quoth she that yonder bale so bare and boide of grasse,
All barrennesse the place is calde, where none may ouerpasse.
Beholde also the ougly corps, that bony figure he,
Is Thanatos which endes the life of euery degree.
As Judge he sittes in middest of plaine, to bew the commers by,
And those in armes are champions stout, not one from them may fly.
If that he chaunce within their sight, full hard then may escape,
Debilitie so cruell is, and vitall life doth hate,
The Harside there Defiance bight, unto the commers by,
From Thanatos as messenger, in weachned corps a spye.

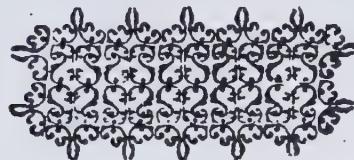
The trauailed Pilgrime

When flesh by Dolefulnesse is brought, to weake Debilitie
Then straight Defiance lyt betwixt, the marie ioyntes and kne^e :
Curt striuing still in man, except freshe bloud abount,
Decreasing all the vitall powers, ; Death straight giues the wound.
Conceive thou well quoth Memorie, these Champions now beholde,
A Cumbat sure we straight shall sy, as earst I tolde :
Their tryving sure is all in vaine, till God doth giue him leaue,
Therefore with haste as we passe by, doe close vnto me cleaue.
Scare ne^t at all, as yet the force, may in no wise vs let,
Although they striue who first shal raigne, and lay their trapped net:
As we were talking in the vale, a farre of Iespide,
A Charet set with costly stony, and plumed on every side.
In haste I spake to Memorie, and aske hit what they were,
Whiche came in order marching on, withouten dread or feare :
Remembred not quoth Memory, Elizabeth that Quene,
Whiche I erst spake, that worthy Prince, cuen she most comly sene.
With those hit Nobles of hit lande, on prograce now they ride,
Through worldly pleasures trapped way, forth on apace they glide :
To bewe and see how every coast, is furnished with stonye.
If neede shoulde be, hit foes to match, the bote and shipp with Oze.
As well on seas of trebleous time, that nothing lacking bee,
Hir to defende in all assayes, from daungers che hit free :
Hir captaine stout Gods gospell pure, will fight so for hit grace,
That Pope and Iewe shal stand in feare, of hit most splendant face.
And constant faith in Iesus Christ, Lieutenant hirs shall bee,
Whiche seekes by meanes the life to come, as all full well may see,
All these alredy are with hit, hit minde they still obey,
So long as she goes forward on, not minding once to stay :
And for asmuch as she hath care, hit Realme to keepe in peace,
It hit behoues all coaltes to seeke, at no tyme sure to cease,
Not that she feares scarce time to haue, such is hit godly zeale,
But so^t to see all things well set, thus she so^t doth deale.
Debilitie ne Dolor eke, so striues to get them prayse,
As she doth sure thinke bring to passe, by sundry kinde of wayes :
That whiche is sayde as erst I tolde, if thou my wordes doss here,
It shall suffice give eare againe, beholde they drake vs here:

Concerning

The trauailed Pilgrime.

Concerning that Debilitie, which striued so of late,
Is nothing else but want of bloud, which lustie youth doth hate :
And Dolor he doth signifie both pensiue carpe and care,
Which doth in time mans fleihe abate, to fleshlesse bones all bare.
And Thanatos is griesly Death, which makes an ende of life,
From hie and lowe, from youth to age, and eke both man and wise :
Discord and Grudge, delights to haule, and then they haue their fill,
By sworde or knife, eche one to slay, still prest they are to kill.
And sith these sightes are passed by, we will not here abide
As yet, if thou wilt folow me, I still will be thy guide :
With that on Will I rode me forth, as now not farre to lourne,
Duothe Memory beholde, that thou may not agayne retourne.
Forth on we needes must take our way, for we two will alone
Debate of matters past and gon, as after shall be showne :
By colour straight began to chaunge, and strength did eke decreaſt,
And grayer head did then appere, I might not be releaſt.



¶.iiij.

As

The traauled Pilgrime

Here the Author and Memory riding alone, Memorie comforteth
him to prouide and arme him selfe against Thanatos.



*The Author being somewhat moued by Memori', passeth ouer the fieldes of
worldly pleasure, and Time also nere past, beginneth to faint,
yet for a time recovered by Reason.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

AS I rode on with countenance grim, and almost halse dismayde,
That I also no way mought lie, I gan to be astrayde;
For that I saw so many dead, of all degrees on grounde,
I mused how I migh escape, that none shold me confounde:
With that Dame Memorie looked back, quoth she doe not dismay,
No way there is therein to scape, the truthe I doe display:
Whan natures course by Time is spent, then needes must all adresse,
With speare and shielde against the soc, I after will expresse.
For as these Champions still haue striude, and the be set full oft,
Now the be to leaue they will not sure, marke wel this time is noughe:
A werie place and painfull vale, a dungeon darke and yll,
Wher nothing bides in one estate, thou mayest not haue thy wyll.
Whan I considered hit wods, and weyde them well in minde,
I gan agayne soc to renue, because she was so kinde,
In showing me the daunger great, which passed were and gone,
And those to come, with chaerfull wods, so forth we rode alone,
To passe the fielde of barren Age, so much my minde did moue,
That soore I was therewith dismayde, that (Will) no more to prone,
And speare of Regiment to lose, and eke my sworde so bright,
Whiche Courage hight, wherewith I oft did put my foes to flight.
Thus musing still the life to come, quoth Memorie beholde,
That I land playne, whiche doth appere, with glasie Isle so colde.
That place is called Consumption, so empie, boyde and bare,
Whiche thou must passe, there is no way, thy selfe therfore prepare.
Within that place the Champions are, which mindes the to assayle:
Distrust, Dispaire, and eke Disdaine, but see thou doe not quayle:
Thou shalt them seele, but not them see, therfore doe not dismay,
Their power is such wherethey beare rule, they turn to night y day.
The night I meane of woldly cares, whiche many doe esteeme,
To be more worth than lasting life, a day full bright doth shewe,
For who that mindes the life to come, himselfe may well insure,
This woldly vale and dungeon darke, doth man from life procure.
Therfore quoth she, now let vs ride apace till we haue got
Some house to rest, where harbour is, that none by way vs stop.
Beholde quoth she, that Place us faire beginneth to disende,
And Vesper she, we long will shewe, the day to ic at erde:

P.1.

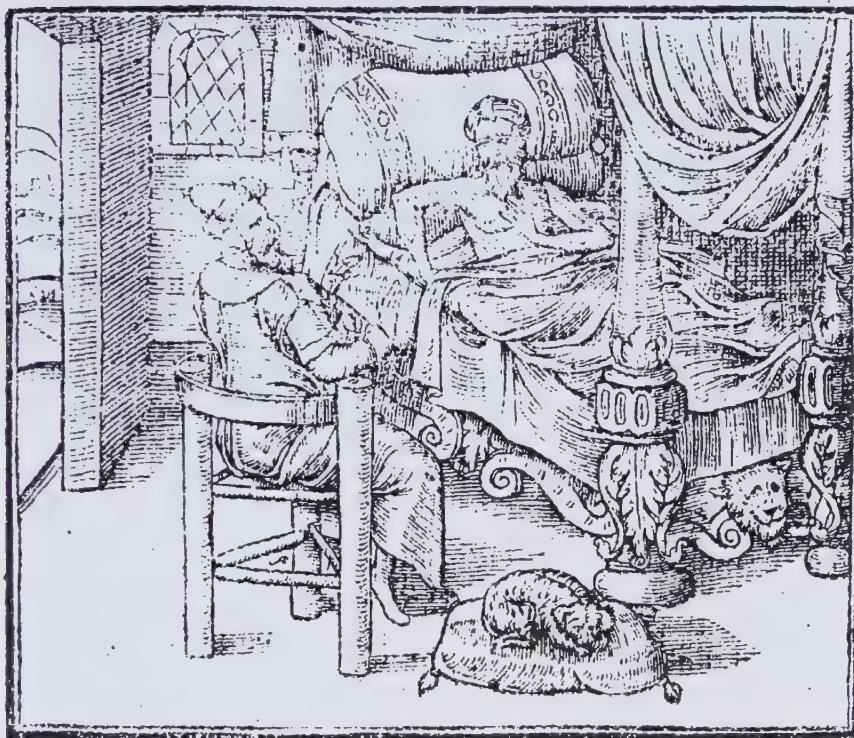
With

The trauniled Pilgrime.

Whch that I set my spurres to horse, whose pace began to dull,
Nothing so quicke as at the first, no race could run at full:
Spyng thus my horse to faint, I long deside to see
Some house or place for vs to rest. Then both we dis agree,
Before that Vesper gan to shine, a place we did espie,
Thereby with haste rode on our waye, and thither did vs hie,
But ere we further doe procede, quoth Memorie to me,
Be not to rashe in entring in, some light now let vs see.
Whch that I looked rounde about, aloft I spied light,
So cleare it shone as doth the sunne, with all his beames so bright,
To knocke quoth he, I will begin, this place I surely know,
Whch called is the Hoped Time, which faithfullnes doth shew,
Well, quoth Memorie alight, till some vs come vntill,
Ere long there will approach to vs, obtaine we shall our will:
And with that there came a messenger, True Zeale which did prepare,
A chamber fresh which Paine it hight, as we shall now declare.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Here the Author by Memorie taketh his rest, at the ende
of the desert of barren Age, or Con-
sumption.



*And being lighted of their horses, the Author sickened in the
Chamber called Paine.*

N. 4.

The trauailed Pilgrime.

So soner entred was I sure, such paine in corps I felt,
That I was faine to lay me downe vpon a couch or pelt:
Till that true Diligence for me, prepared had a bed,
And godly Zeale full reare had a herchese for my bed.
This lying downe vpon my bed, in dolefull sort gan mone,
Perceyning welte at mydes I must, do that that earst was shovne:
That is, to lave this fleshly corps, and chaunged lyfe to see,
Which I long tune seught to defend, and yet it wold not bee.
No thinke vpon that Will my horse, my gris se did more abound,
Him to do: go it gred me much, euen lyke a deadly wound:
With that came Memory to me, and bade me take good heed,
Not to dismay although the time, by loue is full decaede.
Why doest thou sige and languishe so, it may ther not penuyle:
Lo, Reason he shall so ther rule, that thou shalt well penuyle:
To bide the saute of Thanatos, he will ther so enflame:
That from Dispaire, Disdame, and Ire, thou shalt escape as game.
So long as thou wilst ruled be, by Reasons sage aduise,
True Diligence and constant Hope, will count ther then full wise:
Lo Pacience straight will then appere, and endlesse ioy and guide,
To bide away Distraict and Ire, as golde thou must be tride.
With that came Reason to the bed, and bid him not dismay,
For I sure am a friend of thine, my loue I will dispay,
And lay al gode before thee so, if thou wilst me regarde,
And after me as faythfull frindes, alreade are picharde.
That is, fayth, hope and charite, which will thy minde allure,
To doe and saye all that shall proue, and lyse they will procure:
By me therefore now ruled be, then marke what will insue,
A happy state and ioyfull lyfe: these werdes as sure molt true.
Beholde where I am resident, there always groweth fame,
To prince, to king, and every state, I still incurre good name:
So if thou wilst be rulde by me, I will not fra thy pare,
Till Cloches he haue upon his chide, with all his silp Art.
Till Atropos haue whet their batte, the vitall chide to ende,
Till Thanatos his course doth erde, my loue I will extende.
Therefore of me thou mayst be sure, if thou my woes regarde,
No enimie late shall ther comune, although full nere pyparde.

Then

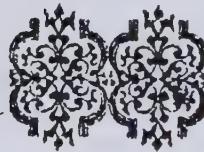
The trauailed Pilgrime

When Reason thus had sayde his minde, to Memo ry I sayde,
How like you this I pray you shewe, I neede now of your ayde:
With that the smilde as one yet glad, espying not forgot,
His counsayle sure is certes god, and sinnes away will blot.
No man on earth may Death withstande, therfore unwise is he,
Whiche will contend with yefull wordes, as all full well may see:
For yefull wordes biedes cankered hate, Debilitie to her.
And Dolor he must needes decrease, beware of Discordes checks,
In sicknesse he that wayward is, and will no reason here,
Alwayes doth bide, his owne disease, as may full well appere:
The frantike mindes of many one, so to their willes are bent,
That medicine and phisiche both, may cause them to repente.
Such wilfull patients therefore, that will not turne in time,
May well be sure to falle the rod, of pinching paine and crime:
For there as Reason may not rule, nor Memory that Dame,
In stade of hops of endlesse lyfe, Distrust there reapes the game,
And where Distrust once bereft sway, their Straight apere Dispaire
To draw away that soule from lighte, and state thereby appaire.
God graunt therfore all christian harts, so to prouide in time,
That lyuely spirite of iust belefe, maye not from the decline,
But that whiche feruent zeale doth shewe, by loue aboue diuine,
Disturbance he doth grudge and hate, much more he doth repine:
For when he loseth the fible corps, opprest with wo and paine,
Most busseth then he is to me, altho gh most vyle and vaine.
He will therfore prouide in time, while prosperous state doth last,
In calling still for Gods mercye, shall not be made agast:
Of wicked spirtes for to delite, they shall not thee annoy,
Though thousands haue thy corps pestil, with guilefull sanctes cop.
No man on earth shal haue maye frite, from the infinitie
Of fleshly lyfe while he haue breath, such fowere to disagree:
I wilsh therfore all saythfull harts, therre mindes so fuli y bende,
And stille to crave mercie and grace, for that they haue offend.
These wordes when Memory had sayde, they did my hart such god:
My sicknesse I almost forgate, but Reason with me sted:
My heart was lightned very much, wherefore I calde amayne,
For armes them, and Will my horse, yet once againe to raine.

The trauailed Pilgrime.

Wherewilh that I woulde make an exode, of this my trauayled time,
The soner then to ende this race of captivered yre and crime:
But seeing weaknesse so oppresse my selfe corps in dede,
On Will I gan my soe to late, that Thanatos with spedde.
And being armde with Godly Zeale, my selfe so did applye,
That not estate ne losse of life coulde make me backe to sye,
But when he came his myght was such, I could not him withstand,
Forthwith I yelded as captiue then, and boyde of sortaine land.
God graunt vnto all saythfull hertes, such race alwayes to runne,
That no desyre of worldly welch, these mindes once ouercume:
Then be you sure, when vitall thred, by Atropos is rent,
With Gods elect in lastyn ioyes, no care more to relent.
Farewell my friendes, loe ye haue heard, such newes as I haue scene,
In euery cost and lande where I, long time and dayes haue bee,
Let this suffise your fickle mindes, except you farther iorne,
So this now done, my selfe doth please, and so doth serue my turne.
Though playne and base, not eloquent, as well sure as I can,
A better may hereafter hap, if that thou rightly skan:
Farewell adue yet once agayne, marke well ere thou disparte,
Least in the ende thou be to rash, not trading Reasons wates.

FINIS.



The trauailed Pilgrime

John.3.

They shall die that beleue not in Christ, and the wrath of God abideth vpon them.



Eccle.9.

They that be dead know nothing, such as are dead in sinne, thy dead men shall hym, such as are dead in the workes of the fleshe, shall be quickned in the spirit.

Sapiens.13.

Among the dead there is hope, among suche wicked as will be converted from their abominations, there is lyfe promised, so that they returne not to their domite againe.

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Denham, dwelling in Pater-
noster rowe, at the
signe of the
starre.



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